

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

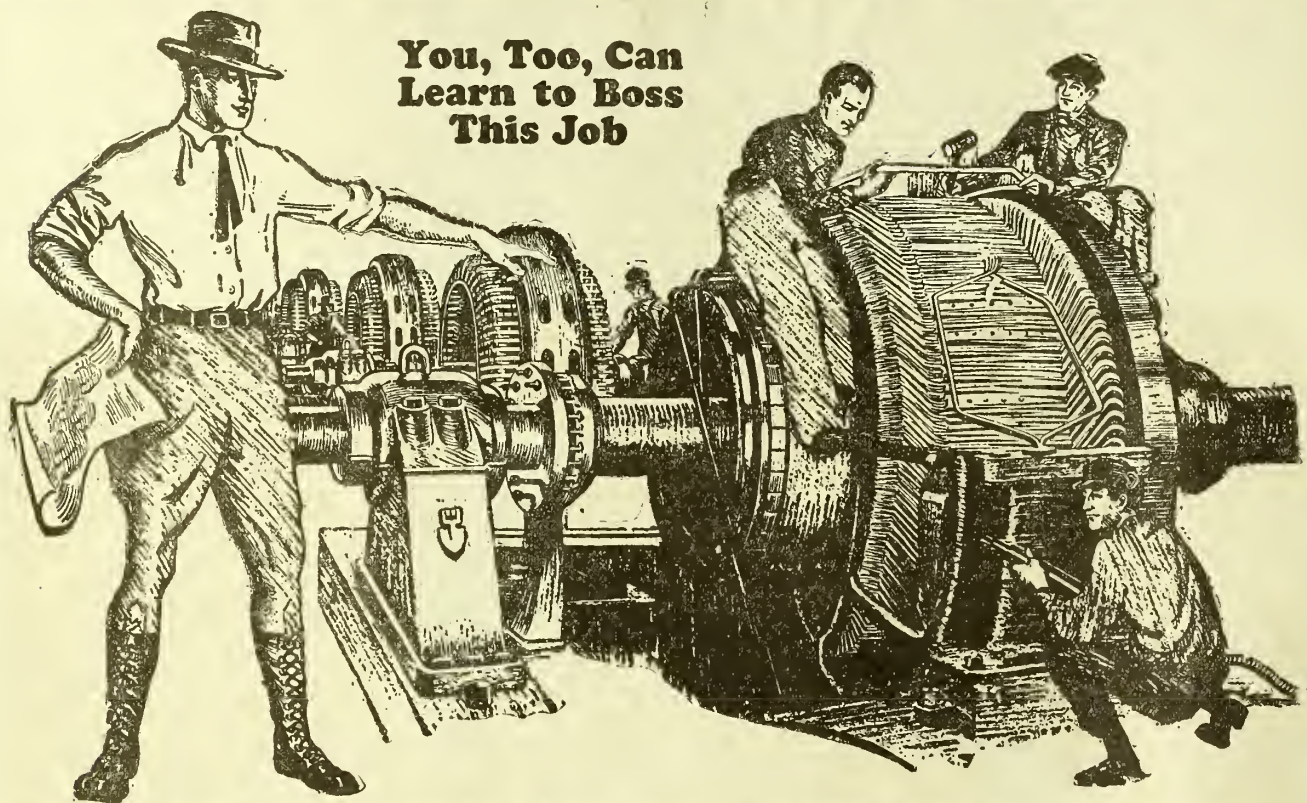
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DEALTON
VALENTINE

What's Become of the Army?

Legislative Parsimony Has Reduced Its Substance to a Shadow and Its Morale to Zero

By An Officer Who Got Out

"Oh, the Regular Army's shot to hell,
Parlez vous!
The Regular Army's shot to hell,
Parlez vous!
Oh, the Regular Army's shot to hell,
For Congress wants its vote to swell,
Hinkey-dinke, parlez vous!"

HIS voice shattered what would otherwise have been a quiet night. It was pay day and long after taps. As officer of the day it was my duty to bring the concert to an end, and so I followed the billows of sound to their source.

As I drew near the long, lean figure under the electric light, I saw the "1" upon his left sleeve, noted the two wound stripes, the service chevrons, and the sergeant's insignia, and bespake him gently:

"Why the concert, Sergeant?"

Corrigan—it was Corrigan—for a moment forbore to answer. Then he leaned toward me as brother unto brother, gravely, as one with deep, portentous tidings to impart.

"Leftenant," he said solemnly, "leftenant, I have served in three armies." He began to tick them off on his finger tips. "I have served in the Regular Army," a pause, "the National Army," a longer pause, "and this—"

He waved a scornful hand in a wide arc which took in most of Camp Dix, its crumbling barracks and its rutted roads, its piles of war material rotting in the weather and the rude shacks in which were housed the discomforts of woman, child, man and beast of the First Division.

Then, as though he had explained everything, Sergeant Corrigan, stiffly erect, passed on to his rest. Veteran of Cuba, China, the



"This!"

Philippines, France and Germany, I knew the reason for his scorn—he had learned that day that he was surplus and was due to be busted as a reward for twenty years' service.

A Congress which for two years has made assault after assault on the personnel, spirit and organization of the Regular Army had brought this condition about. The bills which had successively reduced the Army from 280,000 to 150,000 and then to a scant 125,000 had taken no thought of long and faithful service, nor of the men involved. As a consequence the non-commissioned officers are in number far beyond the tables of organization for the smaller force.

For months the War Department and the individual units concerned had been trying to place men like Corrigan. Every regiment, battalion and company had been canvassed for places for the surplus non-coms; every possible place had been filled on a basis of seniority in most cases but on the basis of natural personal selection in others—there was no place as a master sergeant for Corrigan. So Corrigan was due to be busted, and Minnie, his wife, could take in washing and the two kids could take their chances on growing up on short rations.

"This—"

No word other than the scornful demonstrative pronoun of the sergeant could so well describe the neuter that Congress has left of the Regular Army—a thing now neither of flesh nor of blood, of matter nor of substance, but a shaking, inefficient cadaver—demoralized and saddened from top to bottom. Indeed, so utterly bad is the present situation that those who knew the American Army of wartime would have some difficulty in recognizing these forlorn groups of troops as part of an army at all.

Backed by the propaganda of pacifists, of slackers, of long-haired men and short-haired women who tail after every cause which promises to get their names in print, the onslaughts of Congress on the Army have been terrific, blighting.

Recent changes in the rules of the House of Representatives have made sub-committees all powerful in legislative matters. Prior to these changes all matters concerning either the Army or the Navy were considered and reported on respectively by the Military or Naval Affairs Committee. Now sub-committees of the Appropriations Committee in executive session from which attendance by Army and Navy experts is barred discuss and fix on their plans, work these into bills and present the bills to the House in such a manner that there can be no real debate, discussion or inquiry. As a consequence the membership votes according to party and passes the legislation on to the Senate.

In the Senate the bills usually meet opposition, which results in conference, but the Senate has shown that it does not possess force enough to overturn the bills which have been passed by the House. Compromises as a result of conference do, indeed, result in changes, but as disputes between the two houses

must mean compromises, the net result of all the legislation is not greatly in favor of the two services involved.

While recent "economy" legislation has had the most serious effect on the Army, if we consider the morale of the officers' corps as vital to the efficiency of the Service (which it certainly is), it has come only as the climax to a long series of other attacks which have

ates of R. O. T. C. units of universities and colleges, and recruits from the Citizens' Military Training Camps.

The plan contemplated that with a great war upon us the Regular Army, instantly mobilized with the National Guard, would form the first line of defense, holding or attacking, as made necessary by the general situation, until the Reserve was mobilized and ready to function.

So far as has been possible the War Department has kept as part of the Reserve the numerical designations of National Army divisions which served in the World War—such, for example, as the Seventy-seventh of New York.

Reserve generals have been placed in command of these divisions with Regular Army officers of proved tact and merit as chiefs of staff. The organization has been worked out on paper until there are officers and some men for every company, troop, battery or other minor unit of the Reserve.

For example, according to the plan, Lieutenant J. S. Brown, R. C., has received an order appointing him to Company C, 200th Regiment, 50th Division, with Captain R. J. Johnson in command. A certain number of reserve non-commissioned officers and men have been assigned to the unit.

The officers have in their possession orders providing for mobilization in case of need. Company C will be mobilized in the town in which its officers and men reside. A point for the housing of the unit during such mobilization has been selected and the instant that mobilization is ordered Captain Johnson will transmit to battalion headquarters, at the county seat, his immediate needs in regard to men, rations and equipment.

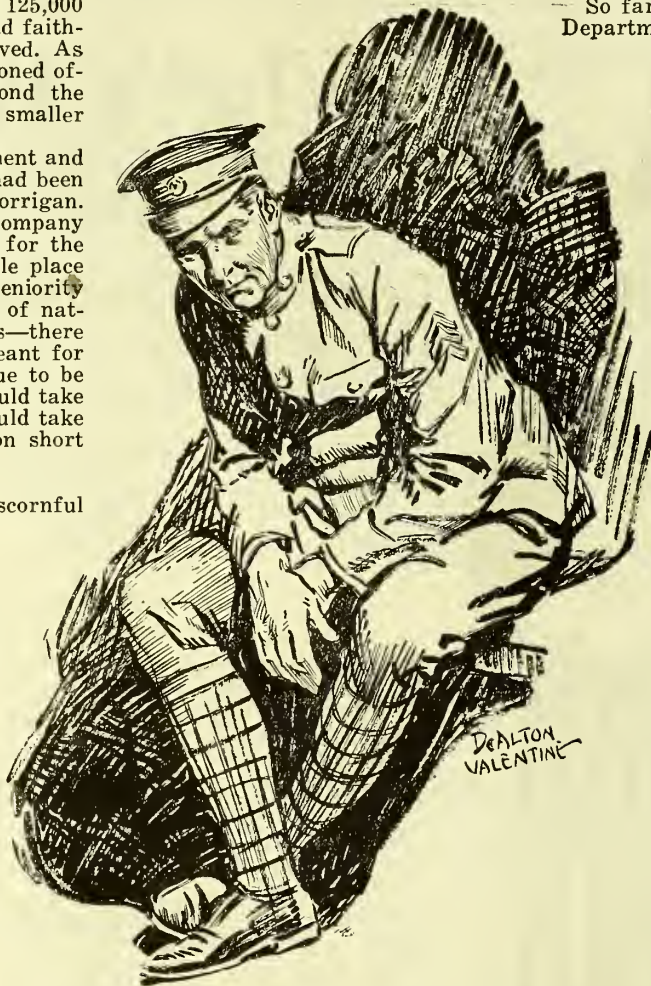
Major Jay, on receiving this information, will transmit it to the city where regimental headquarters is located, the regiment will transmit to the

brigade, and the brigade to the division, which in turn will give the information for all its commands to the corps area commander, who will requisition in bulk for all the men, rations and supplies which will be needed and send them to the units requiring them.

From the lessons of the World War it has been apparent that the only fair way of handling mobilization in a future great emergency will be by draft. With the Organized Reserve effective, half of the lost motion of the mobilization in 1917 would be done away with. Indeed, with the draft and with reserve supplies in proper shape mobilization would be a matter of days.

Companies when complete would march or be moved by rail to battalion rallying points; battalions in turn would form at regimental headquarters, regiments at brigade headquarters, and brigades into armed, equipped and at least partially-trained divisions—most

(Continued on page 25)



... he is being called on to suffer ... only that some Congressman may be able to show his constituents that he is saving money

spared neither women nor children, men, non-commissioned officers, nor even the faithful beasts—for the army mule and horse draw only sixty percent of the forage allowance now.

Comparing the present alarming situation with the plan contemplated in the National Defense Act is most disheartening to anyone having the interests of his country at heart.

This act comprises the only military policy the United States ever has had in time of peace. Under its provisions the Regular Army was to have been a well-trained, efficient, reasonably-sized fighting force ready for minor emergencies within or without.

In addition to keeping itself fit, the Regular Army, under the terms of the act, was charged with the function of assisting in the training, organization and equipment of the National Guard and Reserve—the latter a force in which is embraced veteran officers and men from the World War, new gradu-

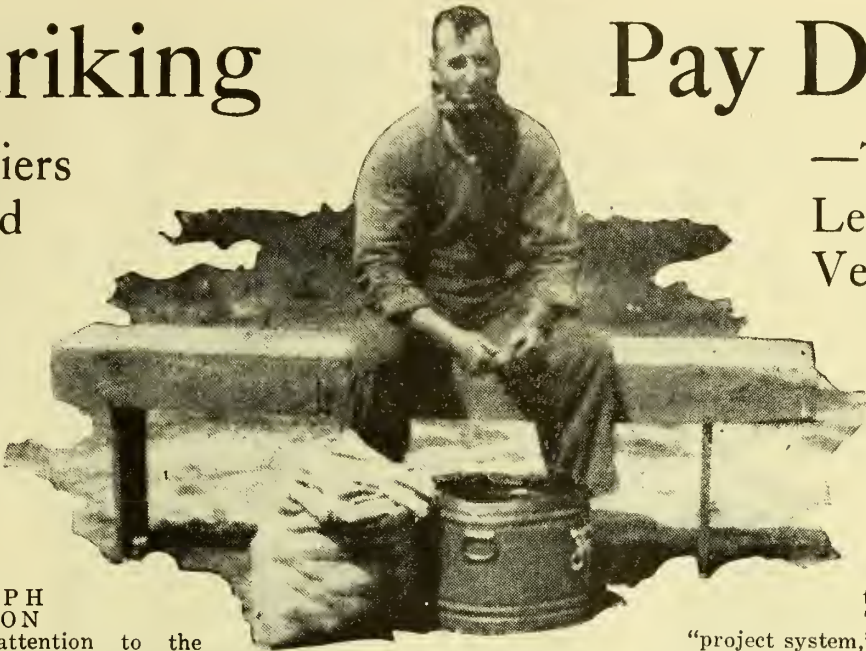
Striking

Pay Dirt

Good Soldiers
Make Good
Farmers—

—That's the
Lesson of
Veteransville

Frank Harrington, in France with the heavy tanks, now a resident of Veteransville, is demoted to a spud detail—but the spuds are of his own raising



By Harry
J. Quigley

MR. JOSEPH AMUNDSON was all attention to the charge of picric acid which he tucked knowingly into a crevice underneath a recalcitrant tree stump, jiggered the detonator and briskly withdrew his person from the immediate environs. Mr. Amundson crouched expertly behind a pile of debris a rod or so away and awaited events.

"Wh-oo-om!" said the charge of picric acid.

"Like old times! Like old times, for sure!" said Mr. Amundson, late Ninth Infantry, Second Division, A. E. F., as he stepped from his cover to survey with satisfaction the hole in the ground

stump blaster, ward of the United States Veterans Bureau and by grace of government scholarship student of agriculture at the University of Minnesota.

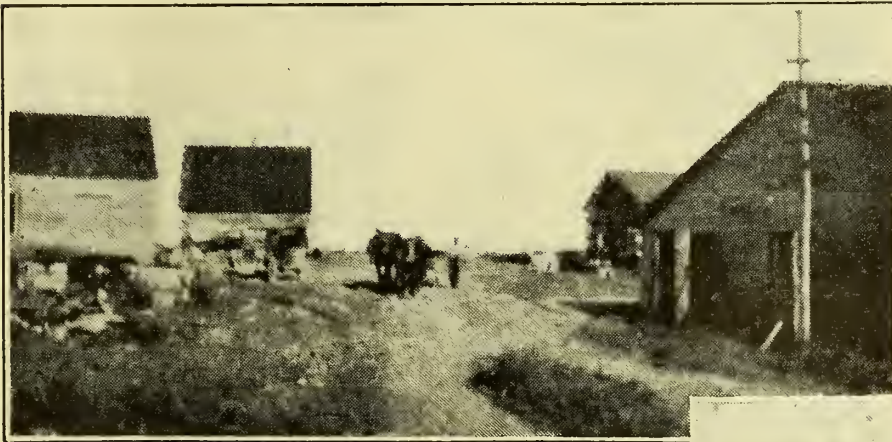
When this is read Mr. Amundson and his fellows will have put aside their overalls and picric acid and gone down to the school on the university farm. From October to March is spent in the school and from April to September on the farms which the veterans have pledged themselves to buy and are buying bit by bit with payments from

their training pay.

The central idea of the "project system," as it is called, is that every man shall carry out on land he aspires to own the principles gained from his winter's work in classroom and laboratory.

The settlement at Veteransville is the largest in the State. It represents one of the most novel and interesting experiments in veteran rehabilitation being carried on in the country—an experiment which seems headed toward success. It had its inception last winter when an interested group of vocational trainees at the University of Minnesota agricultural school decided they might just as well be putting their classroom theories into practice working on their own farms as on the model farm which is a part of the school. They named from their number a committee of four which went traveling over the State to find some likely land.

After much exploration the committee recommended a tract in Aitken County. It was fertile cut-over land, productive if cleared, and the financial arrangements were attractive by reason of the intercession of a young banker of McGrath, the county seat. The banker is a veteran and a Legionnaire and he made the disabled men a proposal. He offered to buy about five thousand acres and re-sell it to the veterans in forty to eighty-acre tracts on



which represented one less stump between him and the goal of his heart's desire, which is to be one of the landed gentry of Aitken County, Minnesota.

So labors Mr. Amundson, wounded ex-soldier of the Ninth, clearing off his land. He labors not alone and not uncounseled or unobserved. In the office of the principal of the Central School of Agriculture at the University of Minnesota farm down by the Twin Cities hangs a large map of the State. It is full of red, white and blue-headed pins, 356 such pins scattered over the eighty-six counties of the State. Up in Aitken County thirty-six pins form a cluster. The town of "White Pine" has been crossed out on the map and "Veteransville" written in. One of these pins speaks for Joseph Amundson,

The civic center
of Veteransville

Joseph Amundson (center), late Ninth Infantry, plays stretcher-bearer to a tree trunk. At his right, toting more defunct timber, is Knute Lothberg, formerly 11th M. G. Battalion, president of the Veteransville Association



easy payments, the veteran meantime occupying the land and getting it in shape for production while on the government payroll as a vocational beneficiary of the Veterans Bureau.

The committee of four reported in favor of the Aitken County project. It had gone searching into the productivity of the land, amount of rainfall, diversity of crops, proximity to markets, the steps and labor required to turn the denuded forest into farms. It detailed the financial considerations. The interested group read, debated, considered and finally agreed on a joint inspection of the place. On April 6, 1922, five years to a day after the declaration of war, they moved on the land.

In the center of the tract they found some old log buildings, relics of the old logging days. These came in handy as billets. After a month of inspection on the ground they voted it a go, formed the Veteransville Association, renamed their community Veteransville and started in to police up.

One large structure was converted into a barracks for the single men, where in a few days you might have found the bunks ranked against the wall in true army style, and a visit on Saturday afternoon would have disclosed pictures of bunk fatiguers lending additional touches of realism to the scene. Another log house became the mess, with two ex-company cooks in charge. A canteen stands alongside where anything from postage stamps to malt and coffee, bacon or a double-bitted axe may be had for cash. The largest log building of all was turned into a recreation hut. It had been a barn. A detail of six fell to, tore out the mangers, took down the stalls, ripped up the old floor and substituted one of hardwood and pretty soon one Saturday night there was a big dance. They have them every Saturday night now when the men are on the land. Joe Sandkamp, ex-162nd Ambulance Company, collects a dollar from each couple and Thilman Olson, ex-90th Division, puts on a white apron and dispenses soft drinks from a reminiscent-looking bar.

One third of the men are married. At first they put up in buildings about the headquarters camp, but now most of them have their own houses on their own land.

With the food and shelter problems out of the way the next thing was to start to clear the land. This work divided itself into five operations, namely: (1) Pile up the logs, windfalls and other debris; (2) blow the stumps and pile them up; (3) burn the piles; (4) pick the stones, and (5) plow the land.

It is hard work, but those men are looking beyond the piles and stumps and stones before them.

"Every stroke of work we put in," explains Knute Lothberg, president of the Veteransville Association and sixteen months in France with the Fourth Division, "means money in our pockets and a step toward an independent future. Our effort is organized so as to make every lick count. We move by schedule and every man has his task. Reveille goes at five in the morning—on a gong and not a bugle. Breakfast

The men thrive in the fresh air and on the hard work. To a man they say they are feeling better than when they left school last spring. Their morale is topnotch—the vision of an independent future growing daily nearer insures that. They have a baseball team, a band and a horseshoe team "that is ready to challenge the world."

The veterans exhibit a pride in the advancement of the community which they already call their home. Not long after they had settled a school election was held. With children coming on toward school age the veterans took an interest and three of their number were elected to the district school board. There was also a township election, and the veterans put over a \$9,000 bond issue for new roads to link their settlement closer with the outside world.

The Veterans Bureau is keeping a close eye on the project. A journeyman

supervisor of the Bureau visits Veteransville every so often, looks things over, asks questions and gives counsel. The Bureau is delighted with the experiment and gives the men the credit.

The financial arrangements which have made Veteransville possible are simple. The ex-service banker of McGrath who bought up the tract resells it to the men at from \$20 to \$25 an acre. The usual payment is \$50 down, but this has been shaded to meet the purse of

the individual. Some went on the land after paying one dollar down. The balance is paid for at so much a month—twenty to fifty dollars—depending on the financial ability of the man. In addition the bank at McGrath advances money for livestock, fences, buildings, and general equipment.

Payments are met from the veterans' training-pay allowances, and under the terms of the arrangement are to continue as long as the trainee is on the government payroll. When the government checks cease coming the bank exacts no additional payments for five years, except for taxes and interest. At the expiration of five years it is anticipated that the land will be growing crops and will represent a source of revenue sufficient to clear itself of debt, unless the owner has not already done this by payments he is privileged to make during the five-year interim.



Mess formation, Veteransville style

is at five thirty, and an hour later we are in the fields.

"The men work in squads of four each, spending one week at a time on each man's farm. By working together we can accomplish a great deal more. Each squad is equipped with axes, saws, picks, cant-hooks, explosives, and a team of horses. One group is piling debris, another burning, a third dynamiting, another felling trees, another constructing houses, another plowing, and so on. Men are assigned to the work they are best able to perform and everything moves along smoothly. The Veterans Bureau got us a carload of picric acid and two tractors. This acid was made for blowing up Germans. Now a bunch of vets who got blown up by the Germans are using it trying to blast out new futures for themselves. The tractors were designed for hauling artillery. Funny how things turn out."

Petite Mère

CLOSE to the soil she lived; she made me think
Of her brown rabbits that she kept in pens
And fed with close-clipped greens the garden spared.
White-capped, black-caped, with hands like wind-nipped paws,
Stiff with her years of work, she still found time,
When Yanks were quartered in her hay-filled barn,
To boil a pot of coffee and find eggs
For pampered boys in khaki who had learned
To call her Mère and bring her chocolate,
And track with muddy hobnails through her house,
Singing of Katy and a long, long trail,

By H. I. Gilchrist

Boys who jumped up when Mère came through the
room,
Found her a chair, or helped her build the fire.
She wept quite unabashed that raw March day,
An old French mother who had lost her sons,
And now was losing others', when the boys
Turned, in their march, and waved a last au 'voir
To Mère, who shivered in the open door.

I wonder if her brown old hands have grown
Accustomed to their emptiness again.

Curing the Commander

By the
Post Adjutant

BILL was sore — just plain sore. I don't know when I ever saw Bill lose his temper before, let alone lose it so completely. And I have known Bill all my life.

This evening we had all been over at the annual election of post officers, and the gang had conclusively shown its poor taste in officers not only by failing to elect Kent Bryson post commander, but also by failing to re-elect him vice-commander, the office he had held down for the past two years. And the worst of it was, if Kent had not been doing two dozen times as much work as the purely nominal duties of a vice-commander require, the post would have been in a fair way to disintegrate before now.

Ours is a comfortable little manufacturing town, with two big plants and a handful of smaller shops. Our industries are chiefly of a sort which takes in a young fellow without any particular training, and has him working on a level with the best of them within a month. That means that we have very few highly skilled mechanics, and not very high wages. On the whole, I suspect that ours is just about an average American town, with a leaning toward manufacturing.

Most of us were no more enthusiastic about the daily grind of military life than were the average fellows who served. We all settled down quickly enough, once we were back, to earn a living and forget about the war.

But when Major Baxter came back, he rallied a few of us around, accumulated the necessary fifteen paid memberships, and got a post of The American Legion started. Baxter had been at that first Paris conference, and so he knew all about the outfit. By a little hard work we got a somewhat larger post than we had really expected to have; and then we held our first election of officers.

Baxter wouldn't take the command-ship, so we elected as commander John Maulson, a foreman at the Northern Company's mill. Kent Bryson was elected vice-commander; and the other officers have no place in this story, except to say that they rapidly showed an inclination to do whatever things the

John Maulson Used to Be a Tin-Horn— He Admits It Himself — but We're Running Him for De- partment Adjutant Now



He put his feet on the best mahogany table

new post commander wanted them to do.

The new commander, we soon discovered, was a natural leader of the demagogue type. He came out of the army with a grouch at having been held down to the job of corporal, and with a determination to get ahead fast as a leader. His already sizeable following accounted for the fact that he was elected so promptly when Baxter turned down the job.

The unfortunate part of it, as it developed, was that the commander was a good deal more of a leader than he was an executive. He had the politician's gifts of making an issue where none existed naturally, and of building an organization of other fellows with similar inclinations. Before the post knew what had happened, Maulson had built himself a regular political machine in the post. When Maulson wanted anything done, a working majority of the post voted to do it—even though it were contrary to the principles the Legion stands for.

While Maulson quickly and deftly built this machine, he was quite unable to put through any more worth-while sort of undertaking. That was why he had kept Kent Bryson as vice-

commander the second year; he himself remained commander. Kent had some hold on him, because Maulson recognized Kent's abilities and his own limitations. But after Kent had made himself unpleasant by insisting a bit more strongly than the commander liked to be insisted to, they had a break. Kent had done most of the work, and really had held the post together.

But next year, we nominated Bryson for commander; Maulson ran, and got it by a handy majority. Then we nominated Bryson for vice-commander—and one of Maulson's friends won by exactly the same number of votes as had been cast for Maulson. That was the time Bill lost his temper, and exploded on the way home. We agreed we didn't relish the idea of belonging to a post run by Maulson on the lines he had so far followed.

But when one of the other fellows suggested that we start another post and make it stand for something really worth while, Bill jumped on him. "Not by a whole lot," exclaimed Bill—though that is not an accurate quotation of what he said. "This town isn't big enough for two posts. If we split, our post will not have the power behind it to do what the Legion is really capable of. The other post wouldn't be able to do much, either. Everybody in town would say that if the Legion members couldn't get along within the Legion, certainly they couldn't expect to get along within the town. And they'd be right. No, sir! We don't want another post."

We walked along with nobody saying a thing. Then Bill broke the silence. "If all of you fellows will stick and do your share," he proposed, "I'll guarantee that a year from tonight we'll elect Kent Bryson post commander, and get such a tight hold on this post that no misled faction can ever pull it off the right path."

"How are you going to do it, Bill?" we asked.

"I don't know," answered Bill. "But we can figure out a way. There's
(Continued on page 28)

THE war has been over some years now, but memory still recalls vividly the seething atmosphere of public hatred in which the chief German delegation arrived at Versailles May 1, 1919. Just where they would come in to Paris was kept a profound secret. Under heavy military guard they were conveyed to the Hotel des Reservoirs at Versailles. The same heavy guard was maintained until their departure. They needed it. The emotional people were on a hair trigger. I'm sure if ever they had been permitted to get near enough to the Germans they would have mobbed them. The military held the public hundreds of feet away from the hotel. Of course, the Germans kept entirely to their quarters.

Army orders that we must under no circumstances speak with the enemy tied me down, keen as I was to get pictures of the historic group. Later, however, I laid my case before the military authorities and was permitted to send a note to Count Brockdorff, head of the German delegation, asking the courtesy of an opportunity of photographing the leading members. I explained the delicacy of my position in the note, and certainly I have no complaint to make over the courtesy of his response. The Count sent to Berlin for a photographer, thus relieving the situation, and sent me photographs of the leading Germans of his party in fully half a dozen poses. These pictures I turned over to the press, and they were, of course, given world-wide publication.

It was with these same Germans, when the time came for them to eat humble pie in the halls of the Allies, that I achieved the best performance of my career as an army photographer. I succeeded in making a photograph of the Germans in the act of receiving the peace terms from

"I suppose it's time for my high hat," the President remarked as Miss Liberty stood up out of the haze of New York harbor on his final return to America.



Newspapers published this photograph of the Memorial Day exercises at Suresnes Cemetery as a likeness of "President and Mrs. Wilson." The woman is not Mrs. Wilson, but an unknown Frenchwoman who slipped past the guard and laid flowers on the same grave which the President had just decorated.

the hands of the conquerors. It stands as the only photograph made of that great event, as mine was the only camera at work in the Trianon Palace that day—May 7, 1919.

Previous to the occasion all inquiries made by me had received the same answer—no cameras would be allowed at the great ceremony. Great artists, perhaps—cameras—out!

I couldn't see that.

My spirit rebelled hotly. Of course, the great artists had a prime right to be there, but so did the camera with its eye for exactitude. I took my troubles to Admiral Grayson. He promised to do what he could. I knew his promises were golden, but apparently the efforts he made had been fruitless. As a matter of fact, the requests of celebrated artists for admission to the palace had also been turned down.

The morning of the meeting of the Germans and the Allies at the Trianon Palace at Versailles was at hand and I had no pass—no order to admit me. In that emergency I wrote one for myself on Paris "White House" notepaper. I was later to learn that the matter had come up and been discussed between Messrs. Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Orlando, but that neither would assume the responsibility of fathering the photographer's cause. I also wrote another order for Lieutenant Kubers, my movie man.

At the entrance of the Trianon Palace, when we tried to enter, we nearly got the bayonets of two French guards. It occurred to me that even if peace were at hand there was yet some battling for me to do. I called to a French captain, who waved aside the guards

The Camera's Eye on Wilson

By Edward N. Jackson

Former Captain, Signal Corps, U. S. A., Official Photographer with the Presidential Party Overseas, 1918-1919





and told me in excellent English that no camera men were to be allowed in the Palace.

I liked that! I told him a great injustice and indignity were thus being put upon not only me but the entire American Army, and I was astounded to think that I should be made the victim of so great a lack of courtesy and a lot more. All the while, as he excitedly went on to assure me he was simply obeying orders and was not to be blamed personally, and so forth, I was getting further and further down the long corridor to the door of the assembly room itself. In fact, I worked right up to the entrance. My movie man, with his cumbersome outfit, however, was hopelessly debarred. I was now confronted by a civilian attaché, a former captain in the French Army, who said orders to admit me and my camera would have to come from higher authority "than this gentleman, Captain Jackson." He regretted the necessity of relieving me of my camera and did. I saw him place it on a leather cushion built around one of the pillars of the salon.

The rarest photograph of the war: German delegates at Versailles listening to the terms of peace as recited by M. Clemenceau. The German representatives are facing him at the opposite end of the hall. This is the only picture taken of this historic event

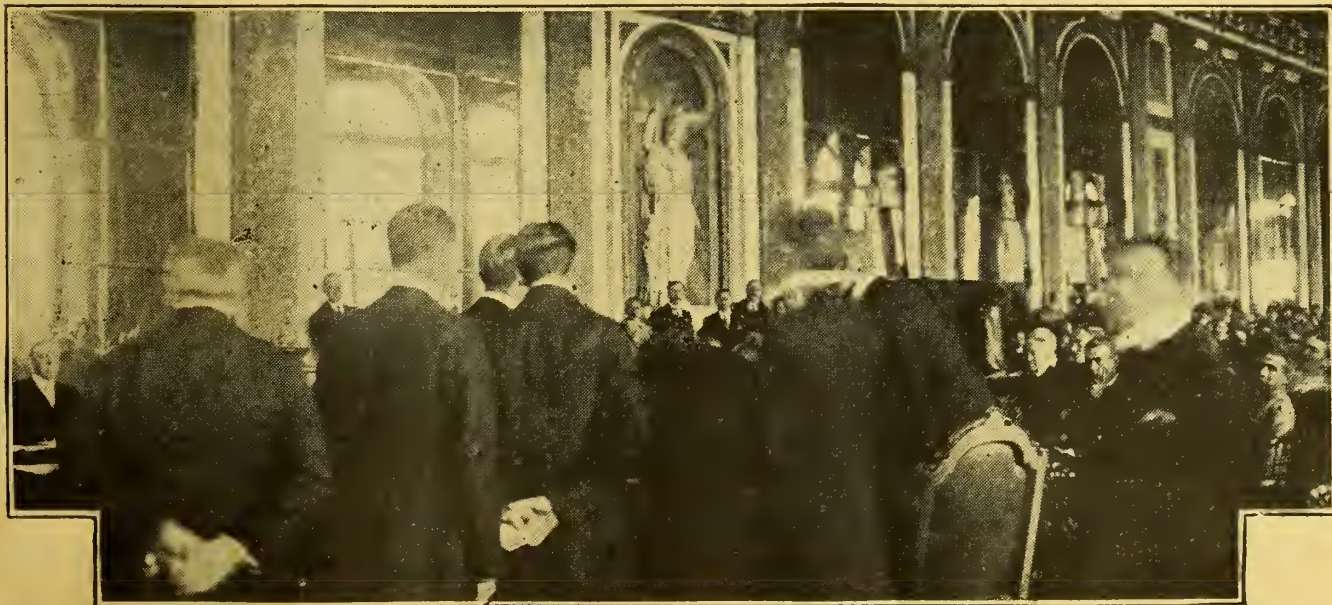


The German delegation preparing to sign the Treaty of Versailles, evidently slightly nervous, as three of them moved while the lens was open. President Wilson is at the extreme left, his countenance a study in gravity and aloofness, one hundred percent "official"

A few minutes later the American delegates appeared in the long hallway. I shot right toward them and toward the President, the secret service men making way for me to get as close as I desired. I re-entered the chamber, walking directly behind the President, and threw a big bluff. I pretended by gestures of hands and feet and movements of the lips to be talking to Mr. Wilson. I wasn't saying a word, but I knew it would mightily impress the French captain to see me in this apparent intimacy with the President. I knew the captain was watching me in a startled manner as I made my way into the salon in direct contact with the head of the American nation.

Unconsciously the President himself helped my plan by turning, and seeing me, nodding and smiling. His nod might have been construed by anybody as one of assent to something I had proposed in my fake conversation.

Then I turned back and faced the French captain with a sort of now-do-you-see expression. He was looking at me in blank amazement. I boldly
(Continued on page 23)



EDITORIAL



For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

A Look Four Months Ahead

NOT many G. A. R. or Legion posts have yet decided the details of their Memorial Day program. But most promoters of sporting and amusement events have settled on theirs. One or two boxing matches of national interest, many lesser ones, and a wide variety of other special events have been scheduled. President Heydler of the National League is already tolerably certain which teams will play which in his circuit on that day, and President Johnson of the American League is equally certain that, barring rain, a full schedule of games will make up his May 30th card.

Memorial Day has departed far from the intent of its founders and from its early observance. And while no one is quite extreme enough to suggest that mankind should give up motor rides into the country or basket-lunch parties in favor of sackcloth and the sorrowed brow, still there are many who believe that the spirit of commercialism has made its inroads on the day, and that the spirit of commercialism is about the last spirit that ought to be associated with Memorial Day.

There is evidence that the promoters of one outstanding Memorial Day enterprise will this year see the light and that the Speedway races held annually on Memorial Day at Indianapolis will this year take place on some other date. Indianapolis Legion members and at least one Indianapolis newspaper have protested against this abuse, and Legion department adjutants in conference at Indianapolis last month added volume to the protest. The prophesy is justified that Memorial Day of 1923 will not be, in Indianapolis, a day dedicated to the twin gods Speed and Dollar.

The Speedway races are a one-day-a-year event, and an event so clearly established that the change from Memorial Day to, say, the Saturday before will not result in diminished attendance. The matter is not so simply disposed of, however, in the instance of less conspicuous and less ambitious events.

For several years those who have resented the exploitation of the day have raised their voices in protest, and at the last National Convention of the Legion a resolution was passed against the desecration of the day. The resolution did not specify what should be considered an appropriate observance. Probably its framers had in mind the fact that, after all, it is a matter for the inclination and taste of each community. For it is the kind of question that depends almost wholly on the public—for on the public, not on the promoter of Memorial Day commercialism, is the responsibility.

"Exercises and programs in the morning; baseball and picnics in the afternoon," recommended one recent reader of this magazine who did not intend to be flip-pant or disrespectful, because he added and amplified the statement thus: "They whom we honor on that day would have had it that way."

Holidays are rare; recreation and relaxation are

necessary and the desire for them natural. This reader may—or may not—have prescribed the ideal compromise if a compromise is to be made. In any event we must remember that May 30th is a day set apart as a memorial to men who gave their lives that we might live; that it is the one day, more than any other, when we all, with these sacrifices in mind, should soberly reconsecrate ourselves to the cause for which they died. It should be a day especially hallowed for the children, for it is the occasion that brings them closest to the fountain-spring of patriotism and inspiration that is their heritage. Under no circumstances, certainly, should extraneous affairs intrude upon the time necessary for this or overshadow it.

The How Doesn't Matter

THIS magazine last week took occasion to call attention to the Legion's oft-reiterated policy of non-endorsement of any particular method for raising the funds necessary to pay adjusted compensation to the service men of the war. And now reappears the sales tax with what many have construed as a virtual promise from the President that compensation will be approved if its enactment includes a sales tax proviso for raising the money.

The Legion's attitude must still be hands off. It is not a creditor's prerogative to specify the method by which a debt must be paid him. It is none of his business.

In the instance of compensation the debt has been acknowledged—the recent statement from the Administration but acknowledges it the more. How the debt is to be met, however, is for the Government to decide.

Tragic

The tragedy of the American flag is that men will still fight and die for it. I hope and pray for the time men won't fight and die for the flag any more than they will for the flag of State or city.—From the New York World's account of an address recently delivered in New York by Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

WERE they forced to listen to such words, what would be the comment of the host of brave men and true who have laid down their lives to make our flag what it is today? How would Nathan Hale—were his spirit to be suddenly brought to life—react to Doctor Holmes's utterance? And Washington, Lincoln, Patrick Henry, Roosevelt—what would they say? We do not wonder. We know.

Such declarations are the pratings of foolish idealists and sentimentalists. There is no "tragedy of the American flag." Nor will there ever be so long as we regard it as did our forbears.

It Helps to Be an Expert

BENITO MUSSOLINI, Premier of Italy and the most talked-of man in Europe, served as a corporal in the Italian Army. This does not necessarily imply that he will be a whiz as a premier, but when army legislation comes up he will at least approach it with more intelligence than our own Senator Wadsworth of New York, who believes that adjusted compensation should not be paid because the Government did up every soldier's laundry free during the war.



Philadelphia authorities are mystified over the death of a veteran who expired as he stepped from a taxicab after a long ride. Did they find out whether he had taken a glance at the meter?



Whether or not the world obtained lasting peace out of the war history alone can tell, but we certainly seem to have obtained the lasting peace conference.



Harry M. Easton, Jr., Legion honor cadet of Evanston High School last year, directing fire of the Legion's own R. O. T. C. at Fort Sheridan

Putting Preparedness Over

Ten Dollars, Plus The American Legion, Is Giving Evanston Boys a Year's Start Toward Usefulness in a National Emergency

SO far as the War Department is concerned, the Township High School in Evanston, Illinois, is a strictly civilian institution.

Because of "lack of proper equipment and facilities" the school never has been able to qualify for affiliation with the Reserve Officers' Training Corps. Consequently the curriculum includes no course of military training within the ken of Washington, and official Washington sets no store whatsoever in a military way on its graduates.

But for all that the soldier spirit with which most American boys are born hasn't been permitted to languish in Evanston High School. Unrecognized and officially unaided by the Government, the school is quietly and efficiently turning out officer material of quality as fine as could be asked for by any man's army in any man's war.

For every one of these potential officers the nation owes a debt of gratitude to Evanston Post of The American Legion. It was Evanston Post which stepped in where the R. O. T. C. wouldn't, and the instructors of the Evanston Junior Corps in the main are members of Evanston Post who are giving up their time and their money with it to pass along the lessons in warfare they themselves learned not so long ago in training cantonments and on the field.

That Evanston High School should be productive of a high grade of officer material might come under the head of foregone conclusions. Evanston is itself a city of 37,000 population. Its inhabitants for the most part are Chicago business and professional men of more than passing substance. Granted that the character of the community be reflected in the student body of the

board and president of the association and commandant of cadets.

Exactly the same courses prescribed by the War Department for high school cadets taking basic work in the R. O. T. C. were adopted by the association. But that wasn't all. The R. O. T. C. system was improved on in two ways. First, the number of volunteer instructors from Evanston Post made possible a degree of individual teaching impossible under government auspices, under which one lieutenant is expected to train five hundred boys. Again, a plan of training areas and blocks was worked out which provided effectually for standardization and made it possible for each cadet to become his own pacemaker.

On that basis Evanston Post went to it. This year the unit has a personnel of seventy-five, divided into eight squads. Full formations are being held one evening a week through the winter.

Major Louis T. Byrne, sent by the War Department to Evanston to supervise the R. O. T. C. in Northwestern University, has been a close observer and enthusiastic appreciator of the work of the Legion instructors. He has placed the R. O. T. C. quarters at the university at the disposal of the high school cadets, and the university's trustees have granted the use of the Northwestern Observatory as an armory.

Marksmanship is especially stressed in the course mapped out by Evanston Post—and the success attending efforts to teach the Evanston young idea how to shoot is attested in a recent letter by Major Byrne from which is taken this interesting quotation:

"One thing I particularly desire to commend in the work of the Corps is the keen interest in rifle marksmanship.

(Continued on page 30)



Evanston Post's cadets clean their rifles. In the center, Harold W. Grant, honor cadet for 1922

Township High School, why shouldn't the school be a veritable mine of officer material? Thus argued the proud citizenry.

Evanston Post had no answer for that question but an echoed "Why?" And in that answer a great experiment in applied patriotism had its origin.

The first step in the scheme of subbing for the R. O. T. C. was the organization of the Military Training Association of Evanston. A board of directors on which Evanston Post was heavily represented was chosen. Legionnaires became chairman of the

Keeping Step with the Legion

Your Resolutions

"NEWLY Resolved" is an active, live person, all of him—the millions of him. But one of him gets particular mention this week because he wrote us a letter from Los Angeles, and the letter said:

I was traveling in a distant part of the country recently when I learned that a former service nurse was in the city and that she was ill. When I called to see her I found her very thin and white. There was a red spot on each cheek. She gave me an emaciated hand. The nails were blue, but the same strength was in it as when it pulled me back from the border line in 1918. What I want to say is this: when I asked about her Legion post she said, "I never hear from them except when I pay my dues."

I got to thinking it over that night, and I am going home to see if my post has a disabled member in some far-off city staging a fight for flesh and blood, and if it has, whether in a hospital or out, I am going to write to that man just to let him realize we have an interest in his fight. We forget easily, especially when we are well. All we require is a reminder, and I want to say I have had mine. I would hate to be croaking by inches—a little each day. Just take it home to yourself.

Let's give the flowers now. Why put it off until the silent hour?

Winter Sports

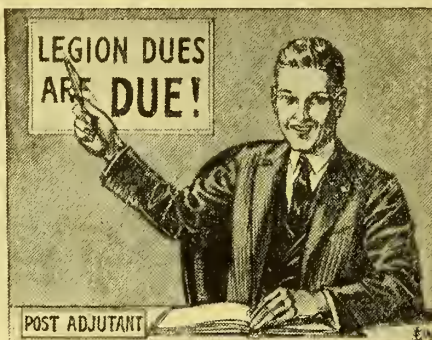
ALLEN L. MOORE, chairman of the post activities committee of the Department of Minnesota, has had an idea we are proud to transmit. It is the idea of tabulating winter activities of the Legion. Here is the list, omitting a few items that are possible only in Minnesota:

Present the Local High School with an American Flag. Get from National Headquarters or have printed locally enough copies of "How to Respect Old Glory," to distribute one to each pupil.

Visit Neighboring Posts. Get in touch with the rest of the gang. Find out when they meet. Arrange a date and visit their meeting in a body. Grab off some good ideas for your own post. Invite your hosts to visit your post in like manner. Example: When Commander Lindbloom and his Stillwater buddies attended St. Paul Post meeting December 6th and invited the Aero Eight Boys to Stillwater Post entertainment December 14th, sixty members immediately volunteered to attend, passed the hat and collected \$45 in five minutes to defray the cost of taking the St. Paul Post drum and bugle corps with them. And Stillwater Post said if the \$45 wasn't enough, Stillwater would pay the rest.

Entertain the City Council. New Prague Post is entertaining the mayor and council at a banquet this month.

Rabbit Hunts. Some posts have an annual competitive rabbit hunt. The losing side serves up a roast rabbit feed. The surplus rabbits are given to the poor families of the town.



Memorials. Is there a memorial tablet or monument in your town perpetuating your soldier dead?

Duck Shoots and Clay Pigeon Contests. They are great sport and can be made to yield good money. Watch your preliminary expenses closely, however, or you will find yourself holding the sack.

Sleigh Rides. 'Member the old-fashioned sleigh-ride parties? This is the time of the year, boys.

Home Talent Entertainments. Mentioned before, but always good, always successful, always enjoyed.

A White Elephant Sale. Everyone in town who has a good picture, rug, piece of bric-a-brac, stepladder, old car, an extra dog, a city lot, or any other white elephant, donates it to The American Legion. All proceeds of the sale, except the advertising, are profits.

Fathers' and Sons' Banquet.

A Mock Court-martial.

A Joint Meeting with the Auxiliary. Hold a joint meeting with your Auxiliary Unit for social purposes. Let 'em in on your business meeting and let 'em see how you do business. Dope out a little musical program and we'll bet the ladies will be glad to furnish the eats.

Get Married. You bachelor posts, once more we say, "Organize an Auxiliary in your town."

Athletics. The basketball season is about to open. Organize a basketball team. Hockey teams, too.

Rifling the Home Guard

HERE'S an idea that may be valuable for posts that have or plan to have rifle clubs. It comes from Edward Lloyd, adjutant of Roosevelt (New Jersey) Post:

At a recent meeting of the Carteret Borough Council, a resolution was passed turning over to Roosevelt Post the rifles and equipment purchased for the use of the Roosevelt Home Guards during the World War, at the same time granting the post quarters in the Borough Hall. The equipment consists of thirty-five rifles, gun slings and belts, with about fifty new uniforms and a glass gun case for storage.

There are other cities and towns which purchased equipment for the Home Guard during the war and who no doubt would be willing to turn them over to their Legion posts if the right persons went after them.

A Financial Record

EVERY now and then we tell about some Legion post that has accomplished something noteworthy, and some other post writes in and says that the first post surely has the goods, but it cannot be done everywhere, and how was it done, and how can it be done in the second post's town?

But we're going to put up another mark for posts to shoot at just the same. This is the financial record of Seward-Ayres Post of Neodesha, Kansas. It has a membership of 205. Listen to what William N. Day, Assistant National Treasurer, who ought to know something about the subject, has to say about them:

Within the period of one year this post has increased its cash worth from \$365.63 to \$1,662.08, a gain of nearly 300 percent. In addition to this they have expended for flowers, relief, etc., \$131.74, contributed to civic welfare \$225, expended for lunches, magazines, etc., \$4.66, sent six men to their department convention and one to New Orleans.

Such growth clearly evinces excellent management and comprehensive planning, for a review of this statement shows that it has not all been rosy for them. They have lost on three entertainments \$81.77.

Mr. Day's attention was called to this post by a letter from Adjutant Samuels of Kansas. Here's calling attention of a lot of other posts to Seward-Ayers Post. And here's asking if any other post can beat the record, and if so how was it done?

They Start in Young

THE story "A David of Posts—A Goliath for Activity" in a recent issue, telling of the work of a small post in Winchester, Ohio, has brought forth a compliment and a challenge. A six-months'-old post in Esbon, Kansas, a town of less than four hundred population, throws down the gauntlet in the following words:

We want to say hurrah for the boys of Cameron-Ellis Post, but we think we can go them one better. Perry A. Lamb Post was organized last summer and six weeks afterward, with a membership of thirty-two we put on a five-day festival or fair, consisting of ball games, races, dances, carnival and all the fixings.

We were given credit for staging the best and cleanest celebration ever held in the county, and it cleared us four hundred dollars. The post had complete charge of everything, and each of our thirty-two members put in eighteen hours of labor every day of the fair. Our membership is increasing each week and we intend to stage a better celebration next year, as every member is a willing worker. The community has asked us to take charge of all local activities.

All of which goes to prove further that the combined effort of all members of a post can put over big affairs, regardless of how small the post or its town may be.

S'no Joke

By Wallgren



BURSTS AND DUDS

Payment is made for original material suitable for this department. Unavailable manuscript will be returned only when accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope

Nothing to Risk

"They tell me," remarked the stay-at-home, "that there is much gambling going on in Germany."

"What with?" asked the man who had just returned from the Army of Occupation and whose back was bent from lugging around thirty dollars' worth of marks.

The Genuine Article

"Drouth!" exclaimed the Old Timer in scorn. "Why, you fellows don't know what a dry spell is. On the stream in Kansas where I settled in 1855 we had to haul water to keep the ferry running."

You Can't Beat Logic

Demon Reformer: "Don't you know tobacco shortens lives?"

Smoker: "I've smoked for sixty-five years and I'm eighty years old now."

D. R.: "Well, if you hadn't smoked you would probably be ninety now."

On the Right Track

A self-conscious young clergyman had just received his appointment as chaplain to a regiment composed mostly of men from northern New England. In his first service he took occasion to flay the habits of the hard-boiled doughboys who formed his new congregation and gently intimated that they would be better citizens if they followed in his footsteps. When it was all over he singled out one who had apparently been following the sermon with deep interest and asked him what he thought of it.

"Well," said the man slowly, "I'll tell ye in a sort of parable. It reminded me of Slim Dowling's fust deer hunt, when he was green. He followed the deer's tracks all right, but he follered them in the wrong direction."

Dubious Blessing

Young Housewife: "Aren't you the same man I gave a piece of pie to yesterday?"

Rollo Stone (humbly): "No'm, I ain't him. I'm his executor, come to tell you that his last words was that he forgives you."

Unanimous

In one of the towns of the Pacific Coast a distinct earthquake shock was felt recently, and when the municipal building rocked perceptibly the city fathers, then in session, left without bothering about the usual formulas.

The clerk, a man of rules and regulations, was hard put to it to give his minutes the proper official tone. Finally he evolved this masterpiece:

"On motion of the city hall, the council adjourned."

Terrible, Terrible!

Railroad Engineer: "How do you like the soft coal, Tom?"

Fireman: "It soots me, Jim."

Army Recipes—No. 1

(In reply to a request for a recipe for Army slum, signed X. Buck, who further says that he has invited some of his Home Guard acquaintances to dinner, where he intends giving them a taste of real war, we are publishing it herewith.)

Take a few bones, well stripped of meat, add an equal amount of potato parings, four unskinned onions (a trifle robust, in order to give the rich army flavor) two unpeeled turnips, including the leaves and the roots, five and one-half beans and anything else that strikes the cook's fancy. Place them in a large galvanized can, and scorch on all sides and also the middle, if possible. Season with a handful of sand



"What port, shipmate?"

and moisten with a few drops of kerosene from a sputtering lantern. Garnish with hardtack and prunes and serve in a tin pie plate.

(Note: The addition of a few small chunks of brick or shoelace tips is optional.)

Suggestions of a Doughboy

Being the Suggestions of a Doughboy on the Manner of Conducting the Next War, Together with Certain Reflections on the Conduct of the Last One

46. That during the next war the old slogan of "You ain't supposed to do any thinking, private," be broadened to include all supply sergeants who "think" that a 12-EE shoe will be all right for a 7½-D foot, or vice versa.

(To be continued)

No Encouragement Here

A scientist has recently stated that if the earth were entirely flattened the sea would be two miles deep all over the world. Reading this, the editor of a paper in Oklahoma reprinted it with this addition:

"If any man is caught flattening the earth, shoot him on the spot. There is a whole lot of us here in Oklahoma who can't swim."

Immune

He had taken pains, when he applied for work, to assure the farmer that he never tired. When his new employer went to the field where he was supposed to be laboring, he found him dozing under a tree.

"See here, what does this mean?" demanded the farmer angrily. "I thought you were a man who never got tired."

"I don't," retorted the hired man calmly. "This doesn't tire me."

Check!

Wee Askem: "You say you held a naval position in Pittsburg during the entire war. What were you doing? Didn't know Pittsburg had a navy."

Hugh Tellem: "I was a mine sweeper."

Insult!

"Th' noive of that guy," complained Jimmie, the office boy, "offerin' me six dollars a week! Wo' does he t'ink I am—a college graduate?"

Room for Doubt

The Bishop: "Did your sermon on the evil of Sunday golf playing do any good?"

The Rector: "I'm not quite sure yet. The golf crowd has abstained from playing and has come to church every Sunday since I preached it—but, then, every Sunday has been rainy."

The Leavening Ambition

Mrs. McGuire: "An' did your home-cookin' sign bring any new faces to your boardin' house, Mrs. O'Hara?"

Mrs. O'Hara: "It did not. But ye should have seen the new faces when I had the painter change the sign to read: 'Home cookin' an' brewin'.'"

Every Little Helps

Evers: "Lazinger says he has done everything possible to save fuel and protect his house from the cold."

Nankins: "And he doesn't exaggerate. He has even left up his fly screens."

A Taking Girl

She took my hand in sheltered nooks,
She took my candy and my books,
She took that lustrous wrap of fur,
She took those gloves I bought for her.
She took my words of love and care,
She took my flowers, rich and rare,
She took my ring with tender smile,
She took my time for quite a while.
She took my kisses, maid so shy—
(She took, I must confess, my eye)—
She took whatever I would buy,
And then she took another guy.

More Every Day Heroes

1. The veteran who to this day insists he did all his soldiering in the S. O. S.

2. The man who will sample your hooch before you take a swig yourself.

3. The man who doesn't ask to change seats after he has been losing steadily at a poker game.

4. The man who doesn't become suddenly interested in his paper when he finds a woman standing in front of him in the trolley.

5. The man who plays dominoes with his wife at home when there is a poker game going on at the club.

6. The man who looks straight ahead when there is a perfectly good view of a pair of trim, silk-clad ankles fifteen degrees to one side.

7. The man who, when you meet him on a rainy day, can control his sense of humor so as not to reply, "No, it's a rotten morning," to your "Good morning."

8. The man who admits the election didn't go the way he predicted.

9. The man who proclaims to his fellow members of the Corkscrew Club that he is in favor of the Volstead law.

10. The prohibition enforcement agent who stays poor.

That Ends That Argument

Customer: "Sir, this salmon smells."

Grocer: "Impossible! He's dead."

Touching Appeal

"I am a shut-in, a hopeless case. No chance for me to get out into the sunlight. I met with an accident five years ago while opening a safe and have been confined to my room ever since. The monotony here is dreadful. Would like to correspond with anyone who would care to exchange articles with me. Would exchange one testament, a bunch of flowers, several tracts and a hymnal for a good steel file or a hack saw. Anyone interested in bringing sunshine into my life please write. No. ABCD, Sing Sing, N. Y."

THE VOICE OF THE LEGION

The Editors disclaim responsibility for statements made in this department. Because of space demands, letters are subject to abridgement.

More About "Boche"

To the Editor: In a recent Weekly you printed a letter under the heading of "Boches" or "German Soldiers?" and signed by a Legionnaire named H. W. McDonald, of Omaha, Nebraska, who objects to calling the German soldier "Boche" and who seems to think that, since we are at peace with Germany and the rest of the world, we should forget the reasons for naming the Germans "Boches." Judging from his letter I should imagine he is heartily in favor of a pro-German campaign to forgive and forget and that it is perfectly agreeable to the nation as a whole to receive with open arms such noted German citizens as the captain of the German submarine who recently arrived in this country to lecture on his experiences of sinking ships containing helpless women and children, and, perhaps, some of our own while our hospitals still are full of wounded Yanks.

I, as a member of The Legion and the French War Veterans, will as long as I live remember the deeds of the Kaiser's army not as deeds of an army of Germans, but as an army of Boches, and believe me, the only time I refer to them as Boches is when my speech has to be censored due to the presence of ladies.—ROBERT C. DUFF, 164 Watson Ave., West Orange, N. J.

To the Editor: Please inform H. W. McDonald of Omaha, Nebraska that "Boche" doesn't mean swine at all, but, rather honorless brute. There is somewhere in the vicinity of the Thüringer Wald a statue of one Teuto-Bochus, a cunning, cruel warrior of centuries ago. According to the legend, Attila was a mere apprentice compared to him.

Teuto-Bochus is the recipient of special honors from German university men. School children pilgrimage to him, and glory in the statue of frightfulness.

In the beginning of the world war some Zurich papers gave full explanation of all this, engineering the word "Boche."—LEONTINE FLEURY, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

To the Editor: In a recent issue of the Weekly there appeared a letter under the caption "Boches" or "German Soldiers?" in which the author implies that Germans object to the use of the famous word "Boche."

McDonald is wrong about the word "Boche" being French slang for swine; it is a German and Spanish word. In the former country it is the name of many prominent families, and they are not ashamed of it, for they claim to be direct descendants of an old tribe called "Boche" that formerly inhabited Prussia. In the Spanish language the word means "cherry pit."

The French words for swine are "cochon" and "porceau"—MAJ. W. R. RAMSEY, Q. M. R. C., New Cumberland, Pa.

To the Editor: Regarding the "Boche" and "German soldier" controversy now raging in your columns, may I submit what I believe is the real explanation of the origin of "Boche"? In the quarter of Paris nearest the slaughter houses—La Villette—the butchers speak a purely manufactured dialect. This originated years ago—I have no idea when. It was evolved solely in order that they might talk business matters over among themselves in the presence of other Frenchmen—in the cafés of the quarter, for instance—without being understood, and it is true that the ordinary Frenchman actually cannot understand this argot unless he definitely knows it.

The scheme is this: The letter l is prefixed to the word and the last syllable gives place to -bem, -boc, -boche or one of two or three other endings. Thus the word boucher itself becomes loucherbem, loucherboc, or loucherboche; in fact, the dialect is known as l'argot des louchersbem. In the same way allemand (German) became lalleboche, and somehow—about the time of the Franco-Prussian war, I believe—the word spread beyond the butchers' quarter and all over France. Eventually the first syllable became lost—just as omnibus has become 'bus—and the term Boche stuck. It remained for the World War to make it a world-known expression.—WINSON BLANCHARD, Lowell, Mass.

The Meaning of "A. S. A. P."

To the Editor: R. V. J., in a recent number of the Weekly, asks what "6th Detachment, A. S. A. P." means. It must probably mean the sixth company of the "Aviation Section, Aircraft Production" division

of the Signal Corps, or, more clearly, the sixth company of the Aircraft Production division of the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps. The headquarters of this division, which both lumbered in the woods and worked in the large aviation materials mill, was at Vancouver Barracks, Washington, where I trained for some months with the 318th Engineers (Sappers), and had a chance to observe the A. S. A. P., or Spruce Division, as they were known, at work.—JOHN A. PIQUET, Upper Montclair, N. J.

In Defense of French Women

To the Editor: Will you please have the kindness to insert this letter in your paper, which is always ready, I know, to defend the cause of France and of French people.

I am a war-bride. When I say "war-bride" I mean a French girl who has added to the qualities of the well educated Frenchwoman the qualities given to her by the experience of the war and who married an American man because she found in him qualities which responded to her state of mind, developed by the war.

I am tired of reading clippings and of hearing speeches against the "poor French girls who married Americans, and who have been, for one cause or another, obliged to go back to France because they were too unhappy in the United States." The real French girls I have met during my four years of life in the United States are very happy there and stay there. They have all chosen good husbands who are happy with them and their children.

Now, when it is said that French girls are going back to France "on a vacation" will you please answer that once in a while a girl likes to see her mother and her father and her country that she cannot forget. I know some brides who went back home for their health and will go back to the United States as soon as they get better.

The people who are trying to discredit the Frenchwoman are either of German descent or people who have not enough intelligence to realize that in every country of the world there are good and bad people.—MRS. TALICHET-ROACH (daughter of a French officer), Chateauroux, Indre, France.

Are We Getting Better and Better?

By Lemuel Bolles, National Adjutant

ARE your post meetings as lively as an autopsy? Have the boys become a bunch of grave-diggers, blaming everything that goes wrong on the other fellow while everybody dodges committee work with the spirit of a detail in denims ducking a top soak? And, above all, do you blame a clique for running the post's affairs into the ground?

If these signs and symptoms are characteristic of your post, it's time to give the post the monkey-gland cure before the buzzards get it. There isn't any time to lose. Dr. Coué may have the right idea in saying that you can cure anything by simply repeating, "Day by day, in every way, we are getting better and better," but if your post has gone to seed, you'd better pull out the official weeds, plant a new crop of live guys in office and watch 'em grow.

This is the season of hope. The New Year has started. The days are growing longer now. Thousands of posts will be holding their annual elections of officers. Upon the kind of men being chosen will depend largely what kind of a year 1923 will be for the Legion.

Let's have all of the offices filled by men who will run things right—the way you wish them run. And let every Legionnaire, if he has not already done so, make a New Year's resolution to back up his post officers in everything there is to be done. Napoleon couldn't succeed as post commander if there were too many dumbbells on the rolls. And remember that a live member at a post meeting is worth a dozen who happen that evening to be attending the theater or playing pinochle.

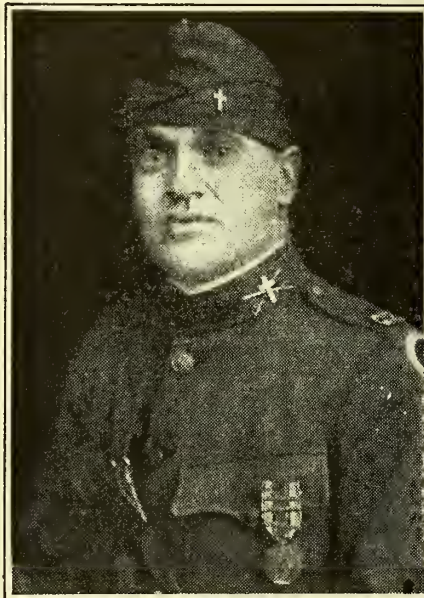
The New National Chaplain

WILLIAM P. O'CONNOR is a fighting type. He looks life in the face as it is. Each of his thirty-three years of life has been jammed full of experiences that have taught him the value of service in human affairs. He happens also to be a clergyman—the Rev. Father William P. O'Connor—because he chose the path of a churchman feeling that it offered him the largest field of service to his fellowmen. He happens also to be National Chaplain of The American Legion, because The American Legion has a tradition of National Chaplains that includes just such men as Father O'Connor, and because the Legion needs that kind of man in its high places.

Father O'Connor was born in Dayton, Ohio, in 1889. Attended the public and parochial schools and was graduated from St. Mary's College, now the University of Dayton, in 1908. He was graduated from St. Mary's Seminary and ordained in 1913, when he accepted an appointment as pastor of a church in Urbana, Ohio.

He was serving there in July, 1917, when he became chaplain of an Ohio National Guard outfit which later became the 136th Field Artillery of the 37th Division. With his division he went through the usual training courses, and with his regiment, or most of it, embarked in June, 1918, from Montreal on the S. S. *Victoria*. That was a voyage! It was a real taste of war, for the *Victoria*, before completing the voyage, rammed a German submarine which later was sunk by destroyers.

Training in France completed, Chaplain O'Connor stayed with his division while it went through sprouts in the Baccarat sector. He was with the division at St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne, and later in its actions in Belgium. After the Armistice he proved



National Chaplain William P. O'Connor

his versatility by arranging for the production of "The Passing Show of the A. E. F.," one of the most successful of overseas dramatic productions. Then he came back to America with his outfit.

At first, after his return, he became associated with the national headquarters of the American Red Cross. Later he became pastor of a church in Jamestown, Ohio, and subsequently was transferred to his present charge, the Church of St. Vincent de Paul in Cincinnati. While connected with the Red Cross he had helped to perfect the system of physical examinations for men upon their discharge. He knew how

newly-discharged veterans felt. It was natural, therefore, that he should soon become affiliated with The American Legion and should become, not chaplain, but commander of his post in Jamestown. It was natural also that he soon should receive wider recognition for his Legion work, and his was a natural appointment to the Legion's National Ceremonials Committee, which in 1921 drew up the rituals which have been adopted for Legion use throughout the country.

It takes men like Chaplain O'Connor to draw up such rituals. Members of almost every faith under the sun had served in the American Army. The committee had to reconcile the clash of religious creeds and dogmas. For instance, the burial service touches not only the faith of the dead veteran, but that of his friends and relatives.

Walter Myers, chairman of the rituals committee, tells a story about one session, when a controversy arose over some sectarian issue. Somebody charged the dean of a theological seminary with a "blasphemous attitude" on the question of prayer. Chaplain O'Connor stopped him.

"My friend," he said, "you belong to my church. If the dean denounced your beliefs, you would be offended. He has not done that. You have no more right to denounce his beliefs than he has to denounce yours."

That partly expresses the attitude of the new National Chaplain of The American Legion toward the religious aspects of Legionism. Chaplain O'Connor is an American first because he believes in America, in America's strength and stability and aims and institutions. He is a Legionnaire afterward because he believes that men who were willing to die for those aims and institutions can be safely entrusted to live for them.

Big-Time Souvenirs

A HIGH degree of interest throughout the country is reported by the National Military Affairs Committee of the Legion in the proposed distribution of German war trophies which, to the number of nearly a million, are now stored by the War Department at Port Newark, New Jersey. As told in the Weekly several months ago, a bill has been introduced in Congress providing that these articles shall be turned over to the States by the Army, divided according to the number of men each State had in service. Distribution within the State would be in the hands of a commission which would include the adjutant general of the State, the department commander of the Legion, and such others as the governor saw fit to appoint. The cost of delivery to the States, which has been materially reduced through the adoption of a plan suggested by the Legion, would be borne by the Government.

The bill passed the Senate several months ago and, anticipating its approval in the House, the Legion's Military Affairs Committee has several

OUR HONOR SQUAD

No. 1



C. D. GUERRE. This bird, though loaded with medals and citations over there, never mentioned his heroic exploits in his letters to the girl back in the States. Furthermore, he labelled all said letters "Not for publication," thereby making an everlasting enemy of the editor of the Hometown Bugle. But the Weekly's news sleuth dug him out and we place him in the limelight as

The first member of his post who paid his 1923 dues.

weeks ago asked all department commanders to take up immediately the appointment of the commissions in their States. Replies received already indicate that most governors have acted and that the distributing bodies have already been formed in nearly every State. These distributing agencies already have arranged for allotments, generally according to the number of service men furnished by communities, it being the general opinion that the national rules should be followed locally.

All concerned, including the War Department, are in readiness for the distribution and it awaits only the approval of Congress. The bill is still pending in the House Committee on Military Affairs, however, and unless action is obtained before the adjournment of the present session months of delay will ensue. If any members or posts can attract the attention of their Congressman to the desirability of prompt action they will be assisting the Legion National Military Affairs and National Legislative Committees. There will be enough souvenirs to go 'round.

Adjutant's Call

DEPARTMENT adjutants of The American Legion, representing practically every State in the Union, met last month in Indianapolis, and if posts have detected an unusually large amount of pep emanating from department headquarters, that's why.

In three days they transacted a vast amount of business. Almost every one of them read a paper on some phase of Legion activities. There was a general interchange of ideas and plans for the coming year clear up to the next convention were laid.

Resolutions adopted at the closing session of the conference endorsed the 40 and 8 and the Weekly's campaign to secure subscriptions from non-members and commended the Department of Indiana for its efforts to have the Indianapolis Speedway Races held on another date than Memorial Day.

National Essay Contest

ANNOUNCEMENT of the three national prize winners in The American Legion Essay Contest instituted last year by National Commander Hanford MacNider will be made January 19th—the birthday anniversary of Robert E. Lee. The three judges—S. S. McClure, editor of *McClure's Magazine*, John J. Tigert, United States Commissioner of Education and E. E. Brown, former United States Commissioner of Education—are now busy reading the first-prize essays of all departments.

County Banners

THE latest thing under the sun is The American Legion county banner. Authorized by the National Executive Committee, the Emblem Division of National Headquarters has arranged to sell these banners at the prices asked for post and department banners: \$40 for wool, \$90 for silk. The upper half of the new banner is white, the lower half blue, otherwise it is identical with the standard post and department banners.

Discrepancies in Histories

The Fourth National Convention of The American Legion authorized the appointment of a commission to investigate the status of American histories used in the schools. A clearing house for reported discrepancies, falsehoods or objectionable material in histories which posts may note has been established in the person of Garland W. Powell, Director of the Legion's National Americanism Commission. The recent conference of department adjutants of the Legion urged that reports unfavorable to histories be made by posts to Mr. Powell without local action until investigation could be made.

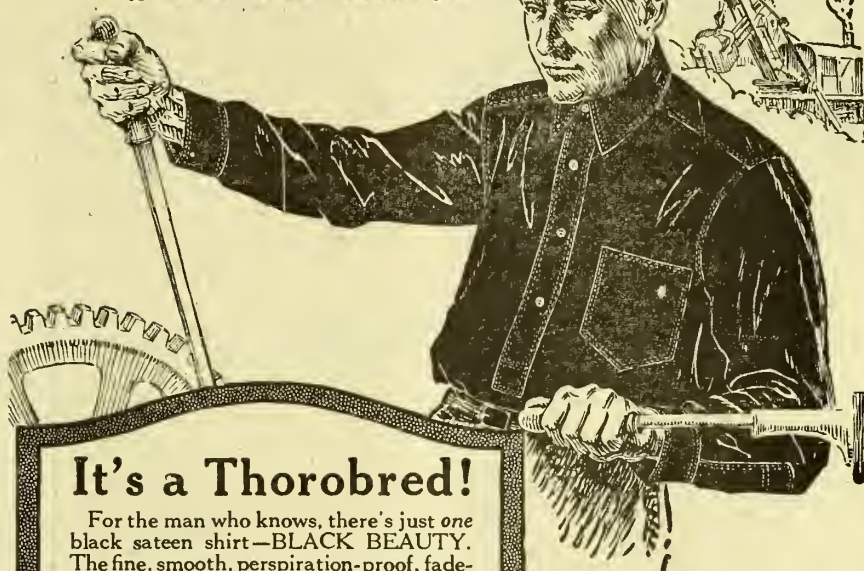
Outfit Reunions and Notices

CONTRIBUTIONS for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

32ND DIVISION—Former members interested in joining the division veteran association, address Captain F. X. Ritger, secretary, Administration Bldg., Madison, Wis.

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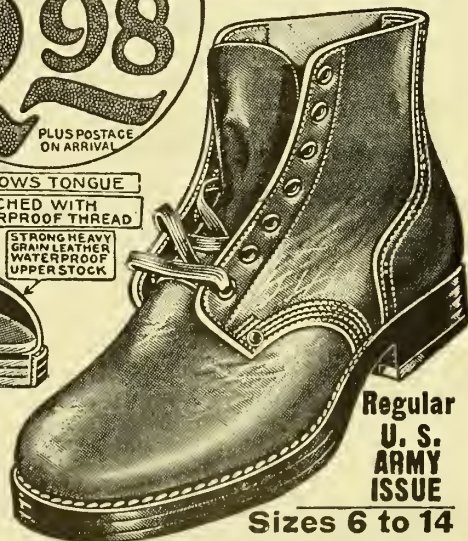
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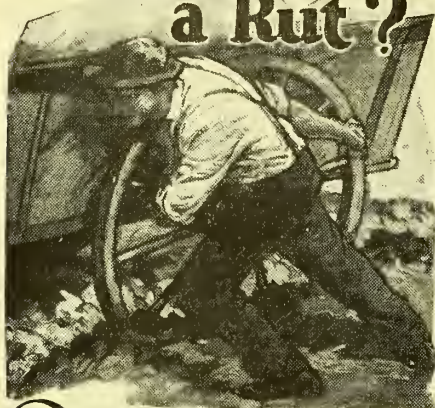
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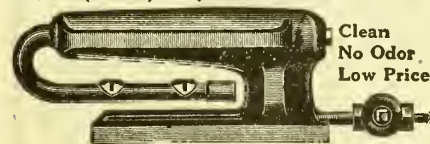
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THE LEGION LIBRARY

Through the medium of The American Legion Weekly, The American Legion expects to assemble a complete library covering the field of American activity in the World War. It is intended ultimately to assemble this library in a room of its own, preferably at National Headquarters. Books received in the office of this magazine for inclusion in the library are listed on receipt, and in most cases noticed in reviews.

La Division Américaine*



FOR a long while there was no other. During the slow, waiting months of the summer of 1917 the First made up pretty much all there was of the A.E.F., and was not merely the first but the only American Division in sight. For this very natural reason it came to be known amongst the French as La Division Américaine.

This reason passed in time; but in time, too, the First provided other and more satisfactory grounds for the distinction. Looking back over its whole record in the war, and appreciating duly its contribution to the whole work of the A.E.F., we find more and more reasons for recalling its original French nickname of the American Division. It was the first of our outfits to become a division, and to it was assigned the special mission of finding out and then of showing, both to the rest and to the world at large, how good an American division could be. As our young growing Army moved upward from grade to grade in its schooling—from training to trench warfare, and from trench warfare to battle—it was always this division which was called on first to pass each new test. It passed them all and steadily held its place at the head of the class, setting always a standard for the rest and steadily raising the standard. To the end it remained our star pupil—Exhibit A of our thirty-division show, our most finished and complete product.

The First has thus rather a place apart amongst the divisions of the A.E.F. Coming first on the ground, there fell to it a rather different mission to perform, one more complicated and difficult, and in fact more important, than to any of those that followed. As the pioneer recruit of the Army on the way, it had to try out everything first, and on the old First everything was tried out. In the mud of Gondrecourt it had to sweat out in actual practice every idea and theory—French, British and American—as to how the perfect doughboy should be formed. And it had to learn not merely for itself but for the A.E.F.

The hurry-up call to battle in the spring of 1918 by no means ended this line of duty. The First had to work all the harder as the 1918 model of the firm at Chaumont, now being tested out on the road at high speed. What it learned at Cantigny and Soissons was instantly applied to the final training of the divisions soon to be called to the front, and these same lessons formed the first text-book for the American command. We were all too busy to realize at the time the importance to the whole A.E.F. of this one division's work during this first phase of the campaign. But we can take as one general indication of it the extent to which the division was drawn on to provide commanding officers for other units and for higher echelons. From it there came one chief of the General Staff, one army commander, four corps commanders, and eight or so division commanders, not counting a scattered detachment of officers of lesser rank who were called on for work of critical importance.

During the whole of its trying out period—roughly speaking, from July, '17, to July, '18—the First was kept constantly on its toes in another side of the matter. By force of circumstances it was the division by which our troops as a whole were being judged in Allied eyes. They were watching it not merely as drill-masters but as

judges, to see what kind of soldiers *les Américains* would make.

On the answer to that question everything depended, and by force of circumstances it was the First more than any other one division which was called upon to provide the answer. It was called on first; it was watched more closely than any other; and when the real tests came it responded in the most completely satisfactory manner. After July 18th other divisions promptly confirmed this first favorable impression, but it was the First more than any other which established our rating.

Cantigny was the first of the tests. Here American troops were called to make their first advance across enemy ground. The attack went off like clockwork; the ground was taken and held intact under a deluge of artillery fire and counter-attacks. When the First went in there was a wondering up and down the front as to how an American division would show up in a battle sector. It held the sector two months and a half, without relief, calling on nobody for assistance, although gradually counting off 4,723 casualties.

Soissons was, of course, a much stiffer test. Here the First and Second (U.S.) were chosen to be two of the four divisions forming the spear-head of the attack, and between them were the Moroccans, one of the finest assault divisions in the French army. Soissons was thus not merely the first venture of our troops in a great offensive, but a tryout beside the best class of French units—under the crack 20th Corps, in an army commanded by Mangin, the most driving and hard-hitting and highest-gear of all French generals, and in an assault which Foch himself had set his hopes on as the decisive stroke of the 1918 campaign. As a test nothing could have been more thoroughgoing or better staged.

The History of the First states its points without boasting and without making comparisons, so that an outsider may be excused for noting one or two points. In this case, too, there are no disparaging comparisons to be made—every division did well, and along the whole front of attack the Boche position was gathered in on the first day. But by that evening Ludendorff got his reserve divisions up into line, and next morning a new battle began, on new positions and against fresh troops clinging desperately to the heights covering Soissons. This new battle went on steadily for some days more. One by one the other divisions that had jumped off on July 18th had to pull out spent and exhausted, but the First held on to the end—two days longer than even the tough Moroccans. It not only held on but went on, fighting practically four successive battles in four successive days, advancing always till it stood on the Buzancy heights across the Soissons road. On its way forward the division took not only all the ground assigned it, but took over some of the work originally assigned to its next-door neighbor (Berzy le Sec, for instance), and all the ground it took it held.

After Soissons there was no further question of test or trial. The First, like the Second, had established a reputation such that anything it might do henceforward was more or less taken for granted. (It is partly for this reason, perhaps, that the later work of these two has hardly been properly appreciated.)

At St. Mihiel the First was called on for the most exacting tactical job of the operation, and carried it out with neatness and dispatch. From the point of view of fighting, St. Mihiel was, of course, child's play compared to Soissons; but even Soissons was a less severe fight than the eight days' battle which awaited the division in the Meuse-Argonne. This was too big a thing to be outlined here; no brief sum-

*HISTORY OF THE FIRST DIVISION DURING THE WORLD WAR. Compiled and published by the Society of the First Division. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia.

mary can give even a hint as to the toughness of such positions as Montrefagne, Hill 272 and the Côte de Maldah. When we take into account the shortage of artillery and the general difficulties of the situation along the Army front during the first ten days of October, it is safe to say that no other division could have done quite what the First accomplished. Only an exceptional combination of grit and skill could have made the advance over this ground, and by making it the way was made clear for the final direct hammer blow of November 1st, which the history handsomely terms "the classic assault of the Fifth Corps." Coming from the First Division, some people at least in the Fifth Corps will appreciate the compliment.

In the Meuse-Argonne, as at Soissons, the First showed certain traits which were peculiarly its own. Many other American divisions made good their records as hard hitters, but what distinguished this one was its ability to hit hard and keep on hitting—to use every ounce of its strength and use it in the most effective way. In both these battles the First came into line under exhausting conditions, but made its attacks in clockwork order; each time it kept on until it had over 7,000 casualties, but each time kept going ahead, its thinned ranks firm and self-reliant to the end.

In the last round—the whirlwind rush to Sedan—the division so well tried in battle proved itself ready for the war of movement which was about to begin when the Armistice fell. As a marching stunt this affair is pretty well known; after pushing cross-country for five days on the heels of a rapid advance, the division was ordered to "march upon Sedan and assist in capturing the place the following morning." Sedan was a long and roundabout way off, but the First turned to and marched or fought fifty-five hours without sleep or rest (one regiment making seventy-one kilometers in the rain and over roads rapidly going to pieces) moving in and out again in perfect order. The history brings out how skilfully the columns were disposed so as to cover the whole stretch of country in front of Sedan, even if no other Allied troops should come up, and it sheds a good deal of light on things by giving the text of the order from G. H. Q. which set in motion the whole operation—the order ending with the phrase, "Boundaries will not be considered binding."

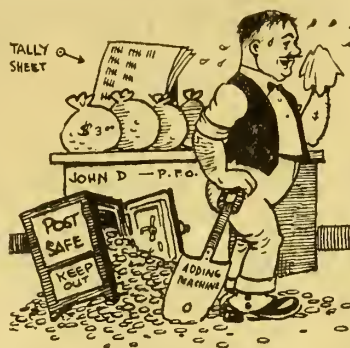
Whether or not this order should have been issued is another question. The First got the order, and rose to the occasion.

Certain readers will regret that the editors had no room for operations reports, or even for a fair amount of these unofficial observations and discussions. In regard to a great many things we would be glad to know the First's private opinion—there is no outfit whose opinion would be more worth having.

But as a matter of fact it would have been quite out of character to indulge in any such airing of views. The First was not given to expressing its opinions, except in private, and had the habit of doing the work assigned it without comment or criticism or complaint. The whole tone of the history reflects this spirit perfectly, as well as other characteristic traits. For one, the way the First got along with other people—toward other divisions and other echelons it showed not merely formal courtesy, but honest, friendly good manners. In line at the front it was a good neighbor; it was always on good terms with the French (no division had more to do with them), and amongst each other its people pulled together well and made up a particularly friendly and cheerful outfit.

Like all good divisions, the First had a strongly marked personality; in its case the personality was fixed in large part by the qualities just mentioned. It is a good deal of an achievement to have expressed such traits in print, unconsciously and without mentioning the fact. The history understates rather than exaggerates the difficulties of the division's various tasks and the importance of the things it accomplished; and it is characteristic that we find no hint of any assertion that the First was the best division in the Army.

T. H. THOMAS.



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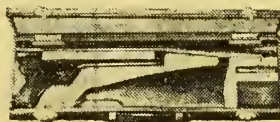
—OR HOW TO BOOST YOUR POST FUND

William Clinton Story Post, No. 342, Freeport, L. I., had a Post Fund that looked like a Buck Private's pay less Liberty Bonds. Then Colonel H. C. Wilson, U.S.A., at a Post meeting showed them how to grab off \$25.00 for their treasury and they jumped at the offer. Here's the dope.

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Getting Into the Legion's "Who's Who"

Each year the Legion makes up a new edition of "Who's Who." This valuable work is now being compiled; in fact, thousands of Legionnaires and Auxiliary members have been honored with places in it.

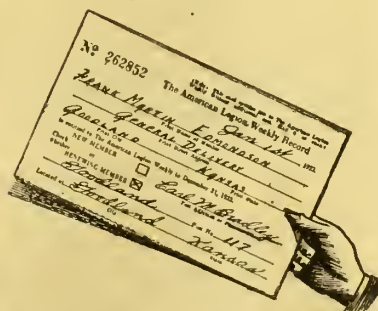
All those selected have, of course, accomplished something in the Legion and are in good standing.

If you have paid your dues, your name will be listed.

The Legion's Who's Who, as a matter of fact, is made up of names on the entire card system; these show Who's Who in paid-up membership.

The Who's Who file at the headquarters of The American Legion Weekly determines who gets the full year's issues. Don't take a chance on missing an issue by not paying up promptly.

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Legislation Affecting Veterans

Connecticut

Employment Preference

Veterans of the World War are given preference in employment on all public works and in public departments. No World War veteran holding a position as janitor, engineer, fireman, watchman or elevator man in public departments can be discharged without a hearing.

Burial Expenses

An increase from \$50 to \$100 has been authorized for the public burial expense of a war veteran.

Tax Exemption

An ex-service man or his wife is exempt from payment of taxes on property to the amount of \$1,000. Any person receiving Government compensation and who lost an arm or leg or suffered equivalent disability, or who was blinded, is exempt from taxes on property to the amount of \$3,000. Widows, fathers and mothers, residents of the State, receiving government compensation are exempt to the amount of \$1,000. All funds received by Legion posts from donations, bequests and collections for charitable purposes are exempt from taxation.

Soldiers' Hospital Board

The commander of the Connecticut department of The American Legion is authorized to appoint an ex-service man to the soldiers' hospital board.

Headstones

Headstones not to exceed \$35 in cost each shall be erected at public expense at graves of soldiers, sailors and Marines.

Memorials

The placing of memorials in state parks and reservations is authorized.

Use of State Armories

World War veteran organizations are granted the privilege of establishing quarters in state armories.

Protection of Insignia

Wearing of the Legion insignia by unauthorized persons is unlawful.

Education of Blind

The education of blind ex-service men and women is to be provided from state funds.

Soldiers' Home

World War veterans are eligible for admission to the state soldiers' home.

State Relief

An appropriation of \$2,500,000 has been made, the yearly interest on which sum is used to take care of sick, indigent and disabled veterans and their dependents. An additional \$200,000 appropriation has been voted for this fund.

Vermont

Protection of Insignia

Any person who unlawfully and wilfully wears the badge, buttons or insignia of The American Legion, its Auxiliary, or those of other veterans' organizations, or uses them to obtain assistance within the State, shall be imprisoned for not more than thirty days or fined not more than fifty dollars, or both.

Armistice Day

The eleventh day of November has been designated as a legal holiday.

Burial of Veterans

The auditors of accounts of the towns and cities of the State are authorized to expend not to exceed \$100 for the funeral expenses of indigent ex-service men, or their widows, and to provide headstones at the graves.

Tax Exemption

Real estate and buildings on leased land owned by a post of The American Legion is exempt from taxation as long as it is used for the purposes of the post only. Real and personal property owned by an honorably discharged veteran, or his widow—if she is entitled to Federal pension—shall be exempt from taxation to the extent of \$1,000, provided the aggregate of the real or personal estate of such veteran and wife, or such widow does not exceed \$1,500.

Department Headquarters

The sergeant-at-arms is authorized in his discretion to furnish suitable quarters in the State House for departmental headquarters of the Vermont department of The American Legion under such regulations as he may prescribe, provided that quarters so furnished be vacated during the session of the General Assembly.

State History

The Governor was authorized to appoint a commission of five persons, one of whom was to be the Secretary of Civil and Military affairs, the other four to be veterans of the World War. This board is to supervise the compiling, writing and editing of the history of Vermont's part in the World War, and was authorized to employ necessary secretarial, historian and clerical assistance.

Soldiers' Homes

Admission is granted to World War veterans to the soldiers' homes of the State.

Compensation

Citizens of the State in the service during the World War were granted compensation by the State in the amount of \$10 per month, provided that the period for which such state pay shall be allowed does not exceed one year.

South Dakota

Moratorium Act

This act was passed during the War and protected all veterans of the World War from the service of legal papers for one year after discharge. No execution or enforcement of any judgment, order or decree of any kind could be carried out during this period.

Soldiers' Preference

Provides that in every public appointment, upon all public works of the state, cities, towns and villages thereof, honorably discharged soldiers, sailors, and marines of sufficient qualifications shall be given preference.

Land Settlement Act

Provides for a board with power to secure lands suitable for cultivation and improvement in South Dakota, service men being given preference in making application for

the land. Every applicant must have ten percent of the sale price of the land and twenty percent of the value of improvement and equipment; balance on land to be paid in installments extending not over a thirty-year period.

War Memorial

Appointed a board to provide plans and specifications, giving the board power to provide funds for a Memorial, excepting that it shall not involve the state in any debt or obligation.

American Legion Insignia

Makes the wearing of The American Legion insignia by non-members a misdemeanor.

Loyalty of Teachers

Provides that all teachers in the state must take an oath of allegiance to the Constitution of the United States.

Burial of Deceased Soldiers

Appropriated \$8,000 for the burial of ex-service men and women who die without leaving any estate.

Soldiers' Homes

Makes eligible to the State Home, World War veterans who have been residents of the State for three years and who are incapacitated from earning a livelihood and who have no income in excess of \$600.00. Permits wives and mothers of deceased World War veterans, over sixty years of age to enter the Home.

Armistice Day

November 11th has been made a legal holiday.

State Compensation

Fifteen dollars a month and fifty cents for each additional day given to ex-service men residing within the state sixty days prior to entry into service.

Language Bill

Requires that the teaching of all subjects up to the eighth grade must be conducted in the English language.

Home Building Act

Authorizes the state to borrow money on bonds and warrants secured by the good faith and credit of the state for the purpose of loaning money and extending credit to the people of the state upon real estate security, for the purpose of building homes.

Registration of Discharges

Provides for the registration of all service discharge certificates upon presentation to the Register of Deeds in any county.

Dormitory Appropriation

Appropriated \$50,000 to complete the construction of a dormitory for wounded and disabled men taking Vocational Training at the State College at Brookings, S. D.

Resolution to Congress

Urged the enactment of national legislation being considered for the benefit of ex-service men and women.

Citizenship Bill

Provides for every person attaining his majority during the year previous to May 30th, receiving a certificate of citizenship, a copy of the Mayflower Compact and of the Constitution of the State and of the United States, at a public ceremony. Ceremonies to be conducted by the county on May 30th, which is designated as Citizenship Day.

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The American Legion Weekly Record

12-5-1923.

Alvin M. Cusley
Print Name of Member

Natl. Hq. of the American Legion, Pennsylvania St.
Print Street Address

Indianapolis
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Ind.
Print State

is entitled to The American Legion Weekly to December 31, 1923.

NEW MEMBER ☐ Check whether or RENEWING MEMBER ☒ Dr. Jack Skiles
Post Adjutant or Finance Officer

Arthur O. M. Nutzky
Post No. 71

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City

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State

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by paying his 1923 dues on time. Any moral in it for anyone you know?

The Michigan Method of Service

A "Contract Hospital" That Does Its Stuff

WHEN The American Legion Weekly published an article a year ago about the Roosevelt American Legion Hospital at Battle Creek, Michigan, which was a gift of the State to the Legion, the hospital had just been turned over to the Department of Michigan, and nobody knew exactly how the plan of hospitalizing the State's disabled in its own hospital would work out. Now, however, the plan has been tested and its results are known.

Together with the gift of the hospital, \$220,000, the residue of the State War Chest fund, raised by patriotic societies, was placed under the administration of the Legion in Michigan and for general welfare work. Granting that the department was exceptionally fortunate in procuring these gifts, the fact remains that the outstanding success of its welfare work is the result of well-applied Legion effort.

To begin with, the Legion had a well-established welfare department in that State, organized by Dr. Frank B. Broderick shortly after his return from overseas and still directed by him. Now here was a fully-equipped hospital with ample finances—the problem was to make proper use of them. Of course the department was in touch with a number of men who needed hospitalization. But there were other men in the State just as badly in need of care who did not know that they were entitled to it. Through the appointment of a field force of full-time paid traveling welfare men, the Legion gathered them in. Within the past year more than 150 tuberculous service men—the hospital is primarily for T. B. patients—were brought in, some from almshouses and poor farms, and are now being given the most complete treatment for tuberculosis known to modern science.

It is not a question of forms and

affidavits and orders. When a field man hears of a case which warrants attention, he goes right to the man and an examination is made. If the veteran is tuberculous, the only requirement is that he give assent to go to the Legion hospital for treatment. If he lacks funds for the trip the Legion provides them. In doubtful cases the decision is always in favor of the man, and he is sent to Battle Creek for a more careful and thorough examination. This is the great importance of the hospital as a unit in the Legion's general welfare work—it affords a means by which immediate care can be assured cases where delay might prove dangerous or even fatal.

The hospital, strictly speaking, is a "contract hospital," generally an opprobrious designation in Legion rehabilitation circles, but this is a contract hospital of a different nature. It is operated wholly by the Legion. However, it holds a contract with the United States Veterans Bureau under which it receives a per diem allowance from the Government for each patient. It is not a charity institution by any means, it wants to pay its own way, but it does not want to make money. Once during the year, when a sizeable balance was about to be shown, orders were given to the chef to add to the already large and choice bill of fare for the patients. Except for general rules of the professional staff, the conduct of the hospital is left largely to the patients, and it has been found that such confidence is not misplaced.

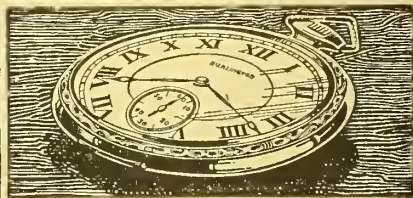
The same efficient methods are used in handling all of the service and welfare work in Michigan. The central office is in Detroit, and all letters referring to claims for back pay, insurance, vocational training, lost Liberty bonds and other service matters are handled and answered within twenty-four hours of their receipt.

(Continued from page 9)

On Memorial Day in the American

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cemetery at Surèsnes, near Paris, where the President went to make a brief address and place his wreath with the hundreds of others on the graves, an odd incident occurred.

President Wilson, leaving his hat in his motor car, his face a study of deep emotion, walked unattended into the cemetery and passed down among the graves. He singled out a mound with its white cross—no particular mound, just the one he happened to chance on, and reverently laid the flowers on it.

As he turned slowly back he gave a slight start, as did also the Secret Service men and French soldiers and American doughboys constituting his personal guard. For an unknown person had got past them—a woman—and was standing directly behind the Chief Executive as he started to move away. The French guard had thought she was Mrs. Wilson, whom she somewhat resembled. But the Secret Service men knew otherwise and started forward. President Wilson, however, waved them back. He stood aside while the strange woman also laid a wreath on the same grave he had chosen. She made a brief expression of gratitude to the President about the sacrifice American youth had made to effect the rescue of France. The President listened earnestly and bowed to her as she retired weeping quietly.

We had photographed the scene. The next day the French papers printed these pictures, and the resemblance of the unknown Frenchwoman to Mrs. Wilson was so great that in their captions the papers all took it for granted it was she. I never learned the identity of the woman.

Next the biggest of the big stuff was at hand—the day when the Germans were officially to set down the record of defeat by signing the peace terms of the Allies. The historic convention would, of course, be in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles.

In the Hall of Mirrors on the day when Herr Bell and Herr Miller came to accept and sign the treaty only four cameras were allowed in the room. Two of these were in the hands of official French army photographers, the other two in the hands of Lieutenant Kubers and myself. He operated the movie camera and I the still.

On this great occasion I was to have no such trouble as I had had on May 7th at the Trianon Palace. This time a chargé d'affaires met me at the entrance of the assembly room with a cordial nod which took in my camera and tripod as well as myself. He said: "There is a window reserved for you and two French Army photographers. There is only one instruction. You are to remain on this side of these two gentlemen here."

He led me to the window, where the French officers had set up their cameras, one movie and one still.

"You will kindly remain on this side of these gentlemen, because it is a matter of etiquette that your uniform shall not pass the French uniform."

This was a fine point surely, but it was no time for hair-splitting over niceties of precedence. The business ahead was too important.

The position allotted me was not what I myself would have chosen. I had not the advantage that I did in the salon of the Trianon Palace. There my camera's eye was aimed directly on the German delegates, while at the same time I was able to obtain fair

profile views of many of the Allied delegates. Here my camera was entirely too close to the Germans as they stepped up to place their signatures on the momentous document if I were to take in the entire scene as well. I was within twenty feet of them. Some of the figures came out hazily. I would have much liked to change my position, but all desirable places that I could single out were already taken by privileged spectators or attachés and I hardly dared make myself conspicuous at such a solemn moment. Aside from the haziness of the German figures in the immediate foreground, the plate is clear and, above all, the portrait of President Wilson at the very time the German pens were inditing the signatures on the terms of surrender is distinctly visible. His expression is gravity and aloofness itself, his countenance wholly "official." He is not Woodrow Wilson, but the President of the United States.

On June 28, 1919, I began the return journey on the *George Washington*. I pass over the stirring speech the President made to the men of the A.E.F. on the ship, his final fatherly handshake of parting to all of them, other similar episodes having already been described. But here is one that has not:

As the *George Washington* steamed into the upper bay at New York, with all the whistles of the harbor craft shrieking welcome and the guns of forts and warships booming salutes, President Wilson, a thoroughly tired and worn man, stood on the captain's bridge, his seagoing cap drawn down over plainly misty eyes, his face thoughtful and grave.

He looked long at the Statue of Liberty, then turned with a shrug and brace of the shoulders to Admiral Grayson. He nodded toward the arriving tugs on whose decks were the civic dignitaries and notables in frock coats and glossy black hats, nodded whimsically, and said:

"I suppose it's time for my high hat, too."

Admiral Grayson had the formal article of headgear fetched. The President doffed his cap, adjusted the topper and remarked, a little sardonically:

"Well, here I am all dressed up again."

CAN your post adjutant or your post service officer tell you everything you want to know regarding your rights as a veteran?

He can do these things if he has been thoughtful enough to get himself a copy of the Handbook of Information and Instructions for Home Service Workers, published by The American Red Cross and distributed free through National Headquarters of the Legion.

Requests for the handbook should be addressed to the National Service Division, National Headquarters, The American Legion, Indianapolis. "Send no money." Simply give the name and number of your post and your official title.

Then he stood on the bridge, softly whistling to himself, "Till We Meet Again."

A few minutes later we were in Hoboken, where the welcome home to the chief of the nation was as wildly vociferous as had been the demonstrations of the most enthusiastic crowds of Italy.

These are the scenes I like best to remember as the closing ones of my intimate association with former President Wilson, and not that last tragic spectacle when he came half-stumbling out of the White House the day his term of office ended and looked up at me and my camera with a drawn and aged face that was only too painfully new to me. But his smile was plucky, his nod cordial.

"Hello, Captain," he said and chuckled. "It's good to see you—like old times."

I bowed—and couldn't talk. There was another member of the

presidential party who remembered me. On my return to civil life as staff photographer of the New York Daily News I received the following letter:

The White House,
Washington, D. C.,
July 21st, 1919.

My dear Captain Jackson:
Now that you are about to relinquish your duties as official photographer of the presidential party overseas I wish to send you this note of appreciation for all that you have done for us. You performed your duties in a most satisfactory and efficient manner and we were all greatly pleased at your splendid work. You had at all times the deepest interest in the tasks assigned you.

My best wishes go with you in your new field of work.

Sincerely yours,
CARY T. GRAYSON,
Rear Admiral, M.C., U.S. Navy.

The first part of Captain Jackson's account of his experiences as official photographer with the presidential party was published in last week's issue.

What's Become of the Army?

(Continued from page 4)

of which, with the traditions of service in the World War behind them, would form organizations in which the morale which comes from historic effort would already be well sustained.

This was the plan. In order to bring about its consummation every bit of the friction which marked the differences between the Regular and other forces during the World War had been ironed out. Officers noted for tact, for efficiency and for enthusiasm were detailed to the National Guard and Reserve. In most cases the Regulars attached for such duty were either former National Guardsmen or Reserve officers, for it was felt that they, from personal knowledge, might have something of an advantage over other officers for this important purpose.

The plan provided that the various forces I have outlined should be the Army of the United States—the whole comprising three elements, Regular, National Guard and Reserve. All of the forces concerned have worked industriously to bring about a successful consummation of the ideal, and both National Guard and Reserve officers are on the General Staff.

Then along came Congress, and at present the Regular Army, the key to the whole plan, is in no condition to carry out its functions, for it has not enough officers and men for training the auxiliary forces.

Secretary of War Weeks says, "Congress must now state anew the mission of the Regular Army."

It must indeed—not only of the Regular Army, but of the National Guard and Reserve, for the two other elements have suffered nearly to the extent of the Regular forces. National Guard appropriations have been slashed right and left. In many cases its officers are patriotically paying many of the expenses of their organizations from their own pockets, and though they are paid for but one drill a week, are actually putting in as many as four or five nights.

Reserve officers and men draw no pay unless on active duty. As a consequence each member of this force is paying for uniforms and equipment, hoping to have an opportunity to put them to use later when called for training and placed on active duty.

Last year Regulars, National Guard and Reserve forces joined in petitions to Congress for appropriations with which to take care of the training of Reserves who wished to attend camp. Congress countered with a delicious bit of legislation—emanating from the Appropriations Committee—which provided the sum of \$100 for training the enlisted personnel and just enough to train a thousand officers. Of this General Pershing said: "This amount will be sufficient to train just one enlisted man—it would take sixty years to train the entire force of officers, giving each fifteen days' training a year."

Under protests such as this the Appropriations Committee finally was induced to raise the ante until last year Reserve Officers' Training Camps were able to give two weeks' training to five hundred of the fifteen thousand officers available for training in each corps area!

On account of the reductions then already effected in the Regular establishment, these camps in many respects were as amusing as comic opera warfare.

At Camp Dix, where one of the main camps was held, the war-seasoned Sixteenth and Eighteenth Infantry Regiments were designated to furnish demonstration infantry units. The harried commanders of both regiments—each less than four hundred rifles strong—put their heads together in conference. Orders went out that all men who could enter a demonstration battalion be stripped from the companies—then down to an average of from thirty to forty men. This was done. From two regiments of infantry this demonstration half-portion war-strength battalion was formed. From somewhere else the authorities managed to dig up one troop of cavalry, one four-gun, four-caisson battery, and one skeleton outfit of engineers.

With men so short that kitchen police detail was a matter of moment, the organizations representing the survivors of the wreck of the once powerful First Division proceeded to instruct in warfare—the Congressionally skeletonized kind. There has been nothing more humorous in history, although officers and men worked like devils to accomplish as much as they did.

Chase Pain Away with Musterole

When the winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism starts to tingle in your joints and muscles, get out your good friend Musterole.

Rub this soothing white ointment gently over the sore spot. As Musterole penetrates the skin and goes down to the seat of trouble you feel a gentle, healing warmth; then comes cooling, welcome relief from old man Pain.

Better by far than the old-fashioned mustard plaster, Musterole does the work without the burn and blister Grandma knew so well.

For croupy colds, sore throat, rheumatism and congestion of all kinds, just rub on Musterole.

Don't wait for trouble, keep a jar or tube on the bathroom shelf.

Recommended often by nurses and doctors, it comes in 35c and 65c jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3.

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The two hundred and fifty reserve officers, most of whom had commanded companies stronger than the whole provisional battalion, looked on with interest. Most of them confessed afterward that war had indeed changed since their day.

One of the problems represented a battalion of infantry in attack. Noses were counted carefully and it was decided that the first wave could be put on, but that the second and third waves must be simulated. Two tanks and a cluster of smoke bombs were dug up. On account of the shortage of personnel the defenders were represented by three men, each man a company, in the preliminary training which the Regulars underwent in order to stage the show.

When the real show was put on the defenders were represented by a line of target pits. Into these the one battery of artillery valorously fired fourteen or fifteen shells—a simulated barrage for preparations. One airplane which came from Mineola circled above the scene of mad encarnined strife. Two tanks emerged from the woods, one falling on its nose and going out with a grunt in the process, the other steadfastly keeping on toward the objective.

Suddenly, as the barrage began again, just in front the infantry in a thin—a l m o s t skinny—line emerged from the woods and formed skirmish line behind the scouts, who had dashed out in front. With bayonets gleaming, the pitifully few men advanced behind the simulated barrage. Two lonesome squads in squad column followed after—they were the second wave—and as these pressed forward, moving on to a Congressionalized hell, heaven or Hoboken, three timorous individuals emerged from the bushes, blinking with nervousness at their sudden prominence before the group of spectators.

A Reserve colonel who in his time had commanded three thousand troops in one regiment gazed on the luckless three with amazement.

"Now what the dickens are they?" he demanded explosively.

A Regular officer, an instructor, answered.

"Those—oh, those—er—they represent the third wave. You see, sir, we had to use the rest of the two squads which were to have simulated the third wave for post fatigue this morning."

The Reserve colonel choked.

"Good Lord, sir," he demanded. "Where is the Army?"

The Regular grinned affectionately and in the manner of a man who has become reconciled to a state of affairs through long, nerve-deadening contact. "It ain't," he replied.

The fact that only thirty thousand combat troops of the Regular Army are available for mobilization at present throughout the United States shows how nearly correct the answer was. In 1917 we had five Regular Army divisions. At present the ghost of the First Division, its companies cut to less than platoon strength, is scattered around New York. It numbers not more than eight thousand men all told. The peacetime organization of the Second Division, numbering not more than 12,000 troops, is on the border, and the decimated ghost of the Third is on the Pacific Coast. Except for scattered special units, this is the Army.

Veterans who served in the World War know the importance of the auto-

matic rifle, the machine gun, the trench mortar, the rifle and the grenade as infantry weapons. In all the Army today there exists just one regiment which is trained in maneuver and the use of these auxiliary weapons—the Twenty-ninth Infantry at Columbus, Ga.

Except for sporadic, humorous and useless exhibitions such as I have described, the Regular Army has been unable to have maneuvers since the war—the force in Germany excepted, and even that is now disintegrated, scattered in the rest of the ineffective Army which is costing almost as much to maintain as before, but which, with the stripping from it by Congress of the few millions which represent the difference between efficiency and uselessness, is now unable to perform any of its missions.

Pay has been cut all down the line. Officers have suffered reductions of from twenty to thirty percent, and this proportion has even been increased in the cases of enlisted men. For example, the pay of the private has been cut to twenty-one from thirty dollars a month—surely one of the stingiest and meanest pieces of economy on record.

As a result of this one item the Regular Army is losing all its old soldiers—they will not serve for twenty-one dollars a month, nor can anybody blame them. So far as the treatment of non-commissioned officers is concerned this amounts almost to a crime. For these men—fellows like Sergeant Corrigan—have for the most part given their lives to the service. They have followed the flag wherever they have been called—men like Sergeant Woodfill.

It is not the fault of the Army that they are surplus now, for from head to foot the Army is trying and has tried for months to save them. But it cannot pay more non-commissioned officers than are allowed for in the reduced tables of organization made necessary by Congressional meddling. And so back down the ladder these old boys must go, and the Dinah Shadd of the American Army—the wife of the enlisted man—must suffer.

But in her suffering she has with her the wife of the officer, who since the war has probably occupied with her husband some bare, rough shanty which, in the words of General James G. Harbord, Deputy Chief of Staff, "a civilized community would not use to house its lunatics or criminals."

For the officers' wife and the wife of the sergeant are under the common burden of facing allowances which have been cut to sixty percent of the allowances granted by law for light and heat, forcing the users of these commodities to pay all in excess of the reduced provision made for them.

In the case of the men conditions are bad and growing worse. The recreational funds have practically been eliminated. The ration has been cut to twenty-five cents a day, and as a result nearly every organization fund is about drained. The light allowance is so low that one small globe now has to do for a squad room, and at some posts and camps no street lights are permitted.

Even in wartime men were transported in the United States in day coaches and sleepers. Now the tired Regulars march from post to post, like tramps, to save railroad fare, and as there is no money allowance to permit

preliminary training, the marches—mostly accomplished on hard, concrete roads—are a hardship. The spirit of the soldier, too, suffers from the knowledge that he is being called on to suffer such hardships only that some Congressman may be able to show his constituents that he is "saving money" by cutting down the Army and its attendant expense.

How false is this premise is shown by the fact that a reasonably-sized, efficient Army would cost far less than the nation spends on candy or soda water in one year. The cost of an Army large enough to carry out the plan embodied in the National Defense Act would be something in excess of \$300,000,000, or about three dollars per capita per year. The cost of maintaining the average police force is seven dollars per capita, of the average fire department eight dollars. The savings on the required amount are inconsequential, but they are just sufficient to cut down the efficiency of the Regular Army and, with its reduced and hampered personnel, the efficiency of the other elements of the Army of the United States.

So great have been these reductions affecting the service that in addition to the hardships I have described there is now no money to maintain post schools for the children of officers and men stationed in posts far from the cities. Furthermore, there is no money for extended maneuver, for target practice on a scale sufficient to be of use, for sufficient gasoline or experiment or for the accumulation of supplies to be held as a reserve for the auxiliary organizations in the event of war. Amazing as it may appear in view of the millions wasted on airplane "production" which did not produce, few planes are now being manufactured and few or no machines are in reserve.

This condition of affairs is bad enough, but a trained officers' and non-commissioned officers' corps, if let alone, would be able to accomplish something. I have told the disheartening fate in store for the non-com. The situation of the officer is worse.

The Appropriations Act of 1922 was introduced before the House in such manner that a large proportion of the membership afterward confessed that they did not even know the extent of a measure which called for the elimination of 2,500 officers, practically all of them experienced in war. The Dickman plucking board, consisting of five general officers, appointed under this measure, notified 2,500 officers of their approaching separation from the service. The bill and its preliminary discussions had held every officer in the Army under the shadow of the sword for weeks and months before it was finally passed the first time, and then, after having notified the 2,500 of approaching discharge, the Dickman board was forced to cancel proceedings in the case of nine hundred, some of whom had already made arrangements to re-enter civilian life.

The War Department went to great steps to bring about these separations with a minimum of disaster to the morale of the service and of the individuals concerned. Officers as a whole were informed that applications for separation would be considered favorably whenever possible. Some of the best officers in the Army, disgusted and disheartened, chose this way out. The others, separated by action of the Board, suffer from a stigma which is by no means just, for the order for re-

tirement or discharge was as likely to strike one officer as another. But the demoralizing breaking of the implied life-time contract which the Government gives to the officer of the Regular establishment has smitten the entire service. As a rule there exists between the Regular officer and his command an affectionate discipline which was not known generally during the World War. Non-commissioned officers and men come to know and like their officers, and the average regiment is like one great family.

The men, seeing first one officer and then another leave, are disheartened. The officers who are leaving have for the most part spent their entire adult lives in the service and face a civilian environment in something of the state of mind of an architect who has been told that he must hereafter earn his livelihood in the pulpit.

It has been contended that this measure made for efficiency and economy. Let us consider.

It costs \$10,000 to train a West Point graduate, \$5,000 to train men from the ranks or civilian life. Officers who are to go number fourteen hundred in all. Of these four hundred are West Pointers.

The average pay of army officers is about \$2,500 a year. The act in question provides a year's pay for each officer of under ten years' service and a life pension for those of more than ten years' service. It has been figured that the average length of service of pensioned retired officers is fourteen years, and that they will draw 35 percent of their base pay, or \$875 per year. Expectancy of life is figured at thirty years. Let us tabulate these figures:

Cost of training 400 West Pointers at \$10,000 each.....	\$4,000,000
Cost of training 1,000 other officers at \$5,000 each.....	5,000,000
One years' pay for 400 officers of less than 10 years' service at \$2,500	1,000,000
Life pensions for 1,000 officers for 30 years at \$875 a year.....	26,250,000
Cost of training 1,700 new officers at \$5,000 each.....	8,500,000
Cost of pay for 1,700 new officers at \$1,500 each.....	2,550,000
Total cost of measure.....	\$47,300,000

It will be observed that the two last items list 1,700 new officers. These are second lieutenants, except for a few graduates of West Point, entirely without training, which the legislation provides for. These men, who replace the 1,400 experienced wartime officers, are to draw \$1,500 each—something less than the pay of a good porter.

Within five years, with increases of pay for which the measure provides, all up and down the line, while these young men will get only scant increases in pay as individuals, the gross increase will bring the average pay back once more to \$2,500, or \$100 less a year than the salary of a full-fledged policeman in New York City.

Let us tabulate the savings:

1,400 eliminated officers at \$2,500 a year for one year.....	\$3,500,000
1,700 new second lieutenants at \$1,500 a year.....	2,550,000
Net annual saving.....	\$950,000
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Total savings.....	\$4,750,000

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The reduction of the Army to 125,000 men, likewise provided in the bill, is a gross waste, if efficiency counts for aught. Those familiar with the extensive organization of modern armies need not be told that from four to five men behind the lines are required with an Army of this size in order to put one man on the front. It is axiomatic in modern armies that the overhead diminishes with the strength of troops, but with an Army of 125,000 nearly four-fifths are engaged on auxiliary duty—Quartermaster, Ordnance, Motor Transport, Engineer, Signal Corps, etc.

Indeed, so great is the shortage that we have free for use in the United States not more than 30,000 infantry, cavalry and field artillery. The Philippine garrison has been reduced to 3,500 white troops of all arms. Alaska is guarded by only 248 men. (Two hundred and forty-eight—I spell it lest you think it an error of type.) An insufficient garrison holds Hawaii. The Coast Artillery is too weak to function—for example, Sandy Hook, the main defense of New York City, is garrisoned by only three hundred men—enough to man two of the great guns and put out a few mine defenses. Indeed, the General Staff agrees that with the Navy whipped New York City could be captured by a fleet of four cruisers within twenty-four hours. Forts Wadsworth and Hamilton, the secondary defenses of New York City, are abandoned except for skeleton or-

ganizations of the gaunt cadaver of the First Division. One man from the garrison of twelve in each of the posts takes care of a battery—four guns.

Japan, with the Caroline Island mandate, has the Philippines blanketed in the Pacific and has reached to a point dangerously near our Pacific coast by taking the Saghalien Islands from Russia. In the event of war we shall lose the Philippines in one day's fighting and shall face the necessity of embarking expeditions to go 4,000 miles on a line of communications constantly hampered by Japanese submarines both from lower California and the Aleutian Islands and Alaska, which we shall also lose.

With a trained, efficient and equipped Army and Navy we need not fear war with Japan or anybody else. We have money enough to count on victory if we use a little of it to provide the necessary safeguards and make arrangements for the mobilization in time of need. Japan in a week can mobilize two million men. We should need six months.

In the words of Sergeant Corrigan, at this critical time in world affairs the Regular Army is shot to hell. The National Guard and Organized Reserve have been hampered and weakened. Our plan of National Defence is a thing of paper divisions and parchment battalions. The Navy is so strung with similar economic restrictions that it is ineffective.

We wait, in a world filled with the sound of guns and ourselves practically disarmed, for what?

I wonder.

Curing the Commander

(Continued from page 7)

plenty of time. For heaven's sake, everybody keep his mouth shut, and don't give anybody a hint of this. Good night." And Bill turned in at his gate.

Next evening Bill came in to see me just after dinner. He got right down to business: "How many men are there here eligible for the Legion?"

"At a guess, about two hundred including the present membership. Maybe not over a hundred and seventy-five."

"How much work would it be to get a nearly complete list?"

"Not an awful lot," I told him, without inquiring what it was all about. I knew Bill well enough for that. "I think I could get one up inside a week. With some help we could do it quicker." My work in the business end of the local daily carries with it a good deal of that general sort of work, so I know how.

"Well, the sooner the quicker," he commented. "How would you go about it?"

"It wouldn't be hard," I assured him. "I could have my stenographer check over the back files of the paper for the names of the men who enlisted and for the draft contingent. Then we could get the service honor rolls of the churches and the different lodges. Between us, we know service men in every office in town; they could give us lists of the ex-service men they know. After we have that all boiled down into one list, get a few of the boys together and have the bunch check over our list for

omissions. With the post membership list, which Kent Bryson certainly has, I'll bet we would not overlook a dozen possible members. Any six of us know all the younger men in town, among us."

So without further delay, Bill and I listed each of the different steps necessary in getting all the names. Then we split the job, and got busy right away.

Three evenings later the bunch met at my house and checked over the list we had compiled. By the time they had added a dozen more names, the completed list totalled one hundred and eighty-nine, of which ninety-three already belonged to our post.

The fellows tried to find out what it was all about, but Bill stalled them off. "It's for a membership drive," was all he would tell them. "But if I catch one of you getting a new member until I give the word, I'll beat his head in."

The bunch cleared out by 10 o'clock—everyone, that is, except Bill. When the latch closed on the last one, Bill pulled out the atrocious old corn-cob he always carries; with the liberty of old friendship he went to my tobacco jar, tamped a load into the corn-cob and lit it. Then he sat down in my favorite chair, put his feet on the best mahogany table, and puffed away for a minute. Finally he looked at me and grinned.

"Remember the time back in college," he inquired, "when the Mu Psi's tried to slip over their man for business man-

ager of the year-book? Remember the technique by which we licked 'em and elected you, Ben?" he chuckled.

A great light began to dawn. I could see what Bill had in mind. For, on that occasion, eleven years before, Bill had pulled a college class election out of a whole lot worse-looking situation than the one we now faced in the Legion post. How he did it will make one of the high spots in the book of short stories I am going to produce some day. But to return to our conversation.

"So you intend to try the same stunt?" I inquired.

"Yep," admitted Bill modestly. "But with variations. I used to do a lot of crude things in my younger days. I lacked finesse, Ben, finesse. But no longer. When we get through with this Maulson gink, you'll admit I'm the white-haired boy with the patent leather cuffs. These days, Ben old scout, I am no longer the raw untutored country lad. Gosh! How smooth I am!"

In the next ten days, Bill and I did a lot more plotting. Also, we developed into a pair of inveterate gossips. We were always asking questions about other people, and when we got off by ourselves pulling out papers and writing on them.

Then, once more we called the bunch to a meeting. This time, Bill produced half a dozen smaller lists. He handed one to James Ignatius O'Brien. "Jim," he inquired, "how many of 'em do you know?"

"All of them," acknowledged Jim after a minute's study. "They all work over at the mill, or else go to St. Jerome's Church."

"Do you think that within the next two months you can get genuinely chummy with at least half of them—maybe drop in to talk with them evenings, eat lunch with some of them every day at the mill, and walk home from church with them whenever you get the chance?"

"Sure," said Jim. "I'm Irish, and a good mixer. But suppose you tell us what it's all about."

"All right," agreed Bill. "In a few minutes, after I've handed all these out. Ed—" and he turned to one of the other boys—"I believe you go over to the evening gym class at the Y. M. C. A. twice a week. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"All right. Here's your list. Shine up to as many of 'em as you can."

And then Bill repeated the performance with one man who is prominent in a lodge; another who is secretary of the big class of young men at the Methodist Church—and so on. He kept one list, and gave one to me.

"Now here's the plan," he went on to explain. "Each one of us is going to make as many friends as he can among the fellows on his list. It ought to be a pleasant job—they are almost all about our age, and all of them are ex-service men. None of them belongs to the Legion—and we must be careful not to talk Legion to any of them just yet. But once we get well acquainted with our lists, we can tell about how any given fellow will line up on this Maulson issue. Mind you, this is all to be kept absolutely quiet. Don't tell your brothers or your wives or anyone else. Keep it dark—darker than any night. Ben and I will get the bunch together in a couple of months,

and then we can go ahead fast."

By the end of that period every one of the fellows knew his list. Not every prospect looked promising, of course. But when we got together at Bill's house, we found that of the ninety-six prospects, seventy-eight were worth our taking a chance on—that is, they seemed likely to take the straightforward view on a question of policy, rather than line up with the "machine." It seemed, as Bill and I discussed it afterwards, that Maulson had already got into the post most of the fellows in town who would work well with him—which shows how astute a politician he was. Also, it explained the hitherto mysterious reason for his ability to get things working his way so quickly. Of course, he had brought his friends into the post with him, and had kept them in line.

Bill and I explained to the bunch, then, what we had to do. "Each one of us has about a dozen men on his list of likely prospects. About nine months remain until the annual election. It's up to each of us to get a new member right away. Select the best man on each of your lists. In about two weeks more, get the next best man. Within a few months, the post will have almost doubled in size—and if we go at it gradually that way, Maulson will simply pat himself on the back because his able management of the post is building it up so steadily.

"Meanwhile, stick to your men. I imagine that will come naturally,—for I know that most of the fellows on my list are mighty likeable, and I'm sincerely fond of them already. Probably you have had the same experience. We must turn these fellows out to post meetings, sit with them, and let them see for themselves the cock-eyed way the outfit is being run.

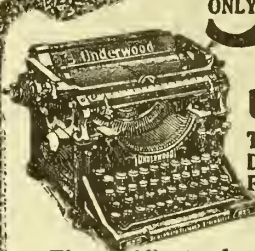
"And don't let anybody guess that you are very badly dissatisfied with anything. Every one of us has got to work hard for the post, to make up for Kent Bryson's ability that has been lost to it this year, and to make sure that it doesn't slip this year too badly."

Well, it worked beautifully. We managed to let the new members—oh yes, we got almost all of them in—see the fly in the ointment. But we never pointed it out. And we lost no opportunity to praise Kent Bryson in moderate terms—Kent had no idea of what we were up to.

The result was that the post ran along reasonably well, with about the same amount of kicking and friction that might have been expected—and no more. Every one of our gang worked just as hard as he could, and despite a few raw jobs that Maulson put over, the post remained in public favor. We even did two or three constructive jobs—by going ahead without consulting the commander. We were careful not to hog the limelight.

The upshot of it was that Tom Barnes, one of the new members I had brought in, dropped in to see me one evening while Bill and I were playing rummy. "I suppose I'm not old enough in the Legion to kick," said Tom. "But I don't care a whole lot for the way that post is being managed. Why wouldn't Bryson make a good commander next year?"

Bill was the first to regain his composure. "Say, Ben, that's a good idea of Tom's," he agreed with a look of the utmost surprise. "I'm getting just



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2511 Shipman Bldg., Montrose and Ravenswood Aves., Chicago

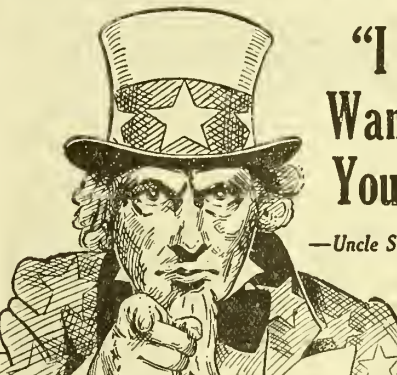
AGENTS \$5 to \$15 Daily



Easily made introducing new style guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children—63 styles, 24 colors all grades. No experience or capital necessary. **YOUR PAY DAILY IN ADVANCE.** Easy to sell—just show samples and write orders. We deliver and collect. Satisfied customers and repeat orders mean permanent business and regular income. Big outfit furnished—all colors and grades including finest silks, wools and hosiery.

MAC-O-CHEE MILLS CO
Desk 2571 Cincinnati, O.

EX-SERVICE MEN



"I Want You"

—Uncle Sam

Become Railway Mail Clerks
\$1600 to \$2300 Year

HUNDREDS NEEDED
Every Ex-Service Man Should Write Immediately

Steady Work No Layoffs Paid Vacations

Common education sufficient.
Ex-Service Men get first preference.
Send coupon today—**SURE.**

COUPON

Sirs: Send me, without charge, (1) Sample Railway Mail Clerk Examination questions; (2) Schedule showing places of all coming U. S. Government examinations; (3) List of many Government jobs now open; (4) Information regarding preference to ex-service men.

Name.....
Address.....

Franklin Institute, Dept. M188, Rochester, N. Y.



This Fine Suit
\$18.00
MADE TO ORDER
Delivery Prepaid

Most stupendous values ever offered—a 3 piece suit of fine blue serge or silk mixed worsted, tailored to order at our special introductory price of \$18.00. Satisfaction or money back guaranteed. No extra charges.

SAMPLES FREE Let us send you FREE, a large assortment of cloth samples in latest colors and patterns—self measuring charts and full information about styles and prices. We guarantee to fit and please you and save you one-third or money back.

Your Suit Won't Cost a Cent

If you have a few spare hours your own suit won't cost you a cent. We are paying good men \$10.00 to \$50.00 a week for all or spare time. No experience needed. Send no money—just your name and address.

Chicago Tailors Assn., Dept. 233-Chicago

Help Wanted

We require the services of an ambitious person to do some special advertising work right in your own locality. The work is pleasant and dignified. Pay is exceptionally large. No previous experience is required, as all that is necessary is a willingness on your part to carry out our instructions. If you are at present employed, we can use your spare time in a way that will not interfere with your present employment—yet pay you well for your time.

If you are making less than \$150 a month, the offer I am going to make will appeal to you. Your spare time will pay you well—your full time will bring you in a handsome income.

It costs nothing to investigate. Write me today and I will send you full particulars by return mail and place before you the facts so that you can decide for yourself.

ALBERT MILLS, Gen. Mgr. Employment Dept
7135 American Bldg., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

TAILORING \$50 to \$100 a week AGENTS WANTED

Tailoring agents earn \$50 to \$100 a week selling virgin wool tailored-to-order suits and overcoats direct to wearer. All one price, \$29.50. Wonderful values. Rich assortment of fabrics. We furnish 6x9 swatch outfit and free advertising. Protected territory. Commissions paid daily. Will train inexperienced men who are honest, industrious, ambitious.

J. B. SIMPSON, Inc., 831 W. Adams St., Dept. 373, Chicago

We Want 1000 Men like these

Men or women can sell our line and make big money if they will work four to eight hours a day calling on homes and business houses. Roy Conant quit a \$6,000 a year job to take territory with us. Geo. Powell made \$125 his first week. L. O. Keeton made \$252 commissions on his first sale. Experience not absolutely necessary. We train you free. Prices within reach of all prospects—cash or easy payments. Write today giving past experiences if any, and references.

The Fyr-Fyter Co., 3301 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton.

DOLLARS IN HARES

Raise hares; quick easy profits. Small space; little capital necessary. Hares breed all year. 6 to 12 in litter, 4 to 6 litters a year. Sell locally for meat and fur or ship to us. We guarantee you \$7 to \$25 cash a pair and pay express. Book free—write today.

STANDARD FOOD & FUR ASS'N
403B Broadway New York City

Learn to Write

I can make a good penman of you at home during spare time. Write for my book "How to Become a Good Penman" and beautiful specimens, all free. Your name elegantly written on a card if you enclose stamp. F. W. TAMBLIN.
428 Ridge Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

a little tired of Maulson, myself. Don't you think Kent would do a better job?" "Ye-es," I admitted thoughtfully. "I expect Kent Bryson is about the best man in the post for the job. Election is next month, isn't it, Tom?"

"On the twenty-third, at the regular meeting," Tom declared.

"I'll tell you what you do," Bill broke in. "You and Ben and I can talk with a few of the other fellows and see what they think about Bryson. I'll find out, too, how he would feel about taking the job. I'll bet the three of us can put your idea across, Tom!"

We did. At the election, Maulson had ten more votes than he had the year before. Kent Bryson had sixty-four more than his last year's record—and won by a handy majority. We elected Tom Barnes vice-commander, Bill adjutant, and another new member—a teller at the First National—post finance officer.

The history of the post since that time has been a steady succession of worthwhile, constructive enterprises, well planned and competently executed.

The old "machine" is broken up. Maulson admitted the other day, when we were having a friendly chat after a committee meeting, that it was the best thing that could have happened to the post. "I had the wrong idea," he declared, "and I couldn't have been cured except by getting thrown out. But now that we're all friends again, will you tell me how you did it?"

So Bill and I told him, passing over the parts which we thought might hurt his feelings. Now that we know him, and since he has been diverting his ability to the Legion's interests rather than to what he thought were his own, we like Maulson a lot. As we finished the yarn, he grinned. Then he turned to me: "Say, that was good," he exclaimed. "Why don't you write that story for the Weekly?"

That conversation sheds some light on two subsequent happenings: Why this story was written; and why we are running John Maulson for adjutant at the next department convention.

Preparedness

(Continued from page 11)

I believe they are better in that line than any other high school I have heard of."

Lately the corps completed construction of an indoor shooting gallery, where instruction in marksmanship is given every afternoon. In the spring the corps leaders project trips to Fort Sheridan.

It will be hard to find in any duly constituted R. O. T. C. high school unit a higher morale or greater enthusiasm than prevails in Evanston's junior corps. Besides direct and intimate contact with men who served their country in wartime, this has been fostered by a system of medal awards. Medals are given for attendance, gallery and range shooting, military knowledge and the like. They are provided out of funds which the association raises by private subscription.

Charles G. Dawes himself is one of the most liberal contributors to the Military Training Association of Evanston. His is one of the most plethoric purses of Evanston, but there is no need for the general to dig deep into it. All the association spends is \$700 a year.

HAVE YOU AN "AMERICA" IN YOUR HOME?



See History

"AMERICA"

See History

Clipping from New York Times
May 7th, 1922.

LEGION RECEIVES "AMERICA"

Marshal Foch Speaks at Presentation of French Gift to Americans.

PARIS, May 6.—Seven soldiers were the object of reverent attention today at the Inter-Allied Club during the ceremony of presentation of the picture "America" by the French Ministry of War to The American Legion.

Marshal Foch, said as he looked upon the painting: "The unknown soldiers represented in this picture are a guarantee of future friendship between two sister republics. I salute them, and through them, my comrades in arms in great America."

Cash Orders Filled, Postage Prepaid

Small size "America"—12 x 18".....\$0.60
Large size "America"—19 x 28".....1.00

Send money to American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

Get Your Copy Without Cost!

We will give away a copy of this famous painting, size 12 x 18 inches, beautifully reproduced in full colors properly blended to bring out the original colors. Sent, postage prepaid, to every Legion member who secures one two dollar yearly subscription to the American Legion Weekly. Ask your friends to subscribe or give a subscription as a gift. You couldn't choose a better one. Send money order or check, if currency be sure and register. Picture mailed in special cardboard container to insure safe arrival.

The American Legion Weekly,
627 West 43d Street, New York.

I want one of these pictures. Here are two dollars. Send the Weekly to

.....

Send picture to

.....

.....

.....



Buddy's Page

My Objective -
"A magazine
you'll be proud of."

Honoring the Stave Hero

"I received the placard of Buddy in the Barrel and think it's great. Our mill foreman put it in a frame and put glass in front. Enclosed is a list of names, members of our post, who are in business in this vicinity. If Buddy will write them a letter and send the posters I will frame them." So writes Thomas R. Aubrey, West Brownsville, Pa. And the list of Legion dealers he sends contains 30 names.

How One Post Helps Buddy

"Here's the dope. I have in the course of construction a complete list of all business houses and industries of all kinds in the city. I am going to mail each one a complete list of the articles advertised in our Weekly with the request that they notify me what, if any, articles on the list are handled by them. From this information I will have made a bulletin showing the name of each house carrying anything advertised in the Weekly, with the name of the article, and this will be mailed to every member of the post with the regular monthly letter. Co-operation will be asked in the purchase of articles so advertised."

This work is being done by Comrade J. R. Boyle, Service Officer, Harry F. W. Johnson Post No. 379, Bethlehem, Pa. Comrade Boyle believes this list will answer two purposes—promote sales of articles advertised in the Weekly and help the employment officer of the post in locating jobs for buddies.

Rounding Up the Coupon Slackers

J. A. Brown, Miami, Fla.—"Enclosed please find two squads A. W. O. L. coupons. You will report with them under heavy guard to 'Buddy in the Barrel'."

F. J. Poklemba, Mt. Carmel, Pa.—"Am a firm believer in the old saying, don't make excuses, make good. From now on I'm sending the kupes and am writing to advertisers."

Ralph B. Norton, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.—"Up to now I've been a traitor to Buddy in the Barrel, always figuring, like many others, probably, that I never had time to write on the dotted lines. Never knew till recently what the kupe barrage meant to our Weekly, so will be a regular customer from now on."

Ralph H. Desmond, Dallas, Texas—"I have watched the 'Buddy and Biddy' page with a great deal of interest, but have been rather a slacker on the coupon question."

How's Buddy Going to "See America First"?

Comrade F. L. Whitman, Asheville, N. C., wants to know if Buddy ever takes a vacation—how, when and where?

Buddy did go back over there. As soon as the Shipping Board advertising started running in our Weekly, Buddy saved his jack and was soon sailing the high seas. He went on Uncle Sam's vessels, first class and all the trimmings. He saw the lights of London town, rubbed his Florsheim shoes on the soil of No Man's Land, and shuffled along boulevards where he once strolled in o.d. and hobnails.

But all this "see America first" advertising is Greek to Buddy. No railroads advertise in his Weekly; no tourist resorts or chambers of commerce appeal to him to ride their trains or settle in their communities and run for senator or somphen.

This is tough on the bird who saw the seven wonders of the world and a trench rat that wasn't looking for trouble. Buddy can tell at a glance what country a cootie hails from, so wide has he traveled in foreign climes. But he thinks Yellowstone Park has something to do with the yellow peril and Palm Beach is an author.

Buddy is always looking for other worlds to conquer. In his old company they knew him as a "cubical" explorer. Travel and recreation and excitement fall as natural to him now as details once did. If somebody along a busy highway shouts "strike tents" as Buddy is passing, he'll throw off his coat and start to make a pack of it.

Next year Buddy and Company are going to sunny California to the Legion convention. What railroad will they travel on? Shouldn't the far-west commercial bodies advertise in our Weekly? Shades of Horace Greeley, yes!

Fatten up the coupon purse for the Coupon Skirmisher's vacation.

Name the tourist's resort, railroad, or commercial body that should advertise where three-quarters of a million Legionnaires and Auxiliary members will see the copy.

Give the coupon a ride and Buddy a vacation.

Where does Buddy go from here?



To the Advertising Manager, 627 West 43d St., N. Y. C. I would like to see advertised with us the following railroad, tourist resort or commercial club.

Give reasons

This coupon is for all Legionnaires and Auxiliary Members to fill out. But if you are a dealer or salesman handling this line, please indicate by check mark dealer salesman

Name

Address

Post

OUR DIRECTORY

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad in

AUTO ACCESSORIES	
VLiberty Top & Tire Co.	22
BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS	
VVAmerican Pub. Co.	23
Berry's Poultry Farm	20
F. Everett	20
VVVVThe Pathfinder Pub. Co.	27
VSportsman's Digest	27
BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES	
VAkron Lamp Co.	30
VVVAlbert Mills	28
Butler & Butler	30
Chicago Tailors Assoc.	28
VVVComer Mfg. Co.	28
VThe Fyr Fyter Co.	30
VVLightning Calculator Co.	29
VMac-O-Cheer Mills	29
Santa Fe Railway	30
J. B. Simpson	30
VVVStandard Food & Fur Co.	26
Superior Laboratories	18
VVVVThomas Mfg. Co.	18
ENTERTAINMENT	
VClaxo Trick Co.	20
VVT. S. Denison & Co.	26
Universal Distributors	24
FIREARMS	
Sprague & Duckett	19
FOOD PRODUCTS	
VVVVThe Genesee Pure Food Co.	
HOUSEHOLD NECESSITIES	
VVVHartman Furniture Co.	Back Cover
INSURANCE	
VJohn Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.	21
INVESTMENTS	
VG. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co.	
JEWELRY, INSIGNIA, MEMORIALS	
VVVVAmerican Legion Emblem Division	
VVVBurlington Watch Co.	24

"BE IT RESOLVED, that with a firm belief in the value of our magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—as a national advertising medium; with the realization that due to limited subscription price and constantly increasing cost of production, the improvements which we desire to see in it will only be made possible through increased advertising revenue—and that increased advertising revenue depends primarily upon our support of advertisers in the WEEKLY—we hereby pledge our support and our patronage, as individuals, and as an organization, to those advertisers who use the columns of our official magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY."

Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

The Charles Co.	28
VVJos. De Roy & Sons	26
VVB. Gutter & Sons	22
VLoftis Bros.	22
VVVSanta Fe Watch Co.	22
MEDICINAL	
Bayer Tablets of Aspirin	27
VMusterole Co.	25
VSloan's Liniment	22
MEN'S WEAR	
Cheney Brothers	26
VVCuett, Peabody & Co.	17
VThe Florsheim Shoe Co.	17
Gordon Bates Shoe Co.	17
VHart Schaffner & Marx	17
VHoleproof Hosiery Co.	17
VVReliance Mfg. Co.	17
Elmer Richards Co.	21
VRussell's, Inc.	21
MISCELLANEOUS	
Barr Mfg. Co.	25
VCoie & Co.	24
Drew Pen Co.	23
VPhiladelphia Key Co.	22
Philo Burt Mfg. Co.	22
Wisconsin Incubator Co.	22
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS	
VVBuescher Band Inst. Co.	27
Gibson Mandolin-Guitar Co.	28
A. Oriol Co.	28
Wilson Bros. Mfg. Co.	28

of ADVERTISERS

our AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY." Or tell the same thing to the salesman or dealer from whom you buy their products.

PATENT ATTORNEYS	
VVVVVVlacey & Lacey	24
SCHOOLS AND INSTRUCTION	
VVAmerican School	26
VVAmerican Technical Society	2
VVVChicago Engineering Works	2
Farmer Burns School of Wrestling	24
VVVVFranklin Institute	29
VMichigan State Auto School	23
Northwestern School of Taxidermy	20
Oakville Institute	22
VVPatterson Civil Service School	21
VVVRehe Auto School	30
VVVVF. W. Tamblin	30
VVVUnited Y. M. C. A. School	18
VVVUniversity of Applied Science	18
SMOKERS' NEEDS	
VVVVAmerican Tobacco Co.	22
VVVVliggett & Myers Tobacco Co.	22
VLYons Mfg. Co.	22
SPORTS AND RECREATION	
VVVHarley-Davidson Motor Co.	20
VVHendee Mfg. Co.	20
Thos. E. Wilson	20
STATIONERY	
H. C. Smith & Co.	28
TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH	
VVVVAmerican Telephone & Telegraph Co.	
TOILET NECESSITIES	
A. S. Hinds & Co.	22
VVVThe Pepsodent Co.	22
VJ. B. Williams Co.	22
TYPEWRITERS	
VVVShipman Ward Mfg. Co.	29

THEY
ADV RTISE,
LET'S
PATRONIZE

V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS. THE VV TWO, VVV THREE, VVVV FOUR AND FIVE STRIPES ARE GROWING IN NUMBER, AND THE SIX STRIPES ARE BEGINNING TO APPEAR.
We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," issue of December 22, 1922. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.
Advertising rates: \$3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch). THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.

THEY
ADVERTISE,
LET'S
PATRONIZE



Wonderful 32-Piece Aluminum Set consists of 2 Bread Pans; Doughnut Cutter; 2 Loose Bottom Jelly Cake Pans; Combination Teakettle and Rice Boiler with lid; Saucepan Set with lid; Dipper; Colander; Measuring Cup; Percolator; 2 Pie Pans; Complete Castor Set; Tea or Coffee Strainer; Fry Pan; also cooker set of 5 pieces—makes 11 separate utensil combinations; Preserving Kettle; Convex Kettle; Combination Cooker; Casserole; Pudding Pan; Tubed Cake Pan; Colander; Roaster; Corn Popper; Steamer Set; Double Boiler.

FREE 10-Piece Kitchen Set



No Money Down

Not a penny now. Just mail the coupon and Hartman will send you this splendid complete 32-piece Aluminum Cooking Set, and also the Free 10-piece Combination Kitchen Set. When the goods arrive make first payment of only \$2.00 on the Aluminum Set. Pay nothing for the

Kitchen Set—it is FREE. Use both sets 30 days, on Free Trial, and if not more than satisfied, send them back and we will refund your money and pay transportation both ways. If you keep them, pay for the Aluminum Set, a little every month. Keep the Kitchen Set as a gift from Hartman.

FREE

10-Piece Kitchen Set

Not a penny to pay for this set. You get it absolutely free with Aluminum Set.

Potato Masher
Mixing Spoon
Measuring Spoon
Ice Pick
Egg and Cream
Beater

Can Opener
Vegetable and Pan
Brush
Fork

Egg and Cake Turner
Wall Rack

All have white enameled handles and hang on wall rack—keeping them conveniently at hand.

Complete 32-Pc. Aluminum Set and FREE Kitchen Set

This is Hartman's famous special, selected set of heavy gauge Aluminum Ware—a complete cooking outfit, light to handle, easy to clean, always bright as silver. Will never chip, crack or rust. So durable that we guarantee it for life. 32 utensils—everything you need for baking, boiling, roasting, frying. Just read the list above. You want and need everything there. Your kitchen is not complete without them. You really can't appreciate this splendid set until you see and use it. Then you will realize what a wonderful bargain it is. And without a penny's cost—absolutely free—you get a Combination Kitchen Set which gives you 10 utensils with white handles—all hung in a row—where you can reach them easily.

Nearly a Year to Pay

Hartman gives the world's most liberal terms and the world's greatest values in dependable merchandise, and this offer proves it.

You pay only \$2.00 and postage on arrival (this on the Aluminum Set—not a penny to pay at any time on the Kitchen Set). Then, if after 30 days' trial you decide to keep it, pay a little every month. Take nearly a year to pay.

Order by No. 417EMA7. Price for Aluminum Set, \$17.95. No money down. \$2.00 and postage on arrival. Balance \$2.00 Monthly. 10-Piece Kitchen Set is FREE.

Mail the Coupon

Don't hesitate. Send at once, while this offer holds good. Not a penny's risk. Order NOW, while you can get the Kitchen Set Free.

HARTMAN

Furniture & Carpet Co.
Dept. 5145 CHICAGO
Copyright, 1923, by Hartman's, Chicago

FREE BARGAIN CATALOG and FREE GIFTS

This great 368-page book offers the world's greatest bargains in home furnishings, jewelry and farm machinery—all sold on easy monthly payment terms and 30 days' free trial on everything.

Wonderful Gifts

Catalog explains how you can get Glassware, Lemonade Sets, Silverware, Tablecloths, Napkins, etc., free with purchases. Send for it today.

"Let Hartman Feather YOUR Nest!"

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

Dept. 5145 Chicago, Ill.
Send the 22-piece complete Aluminum Cooking Set No. 417EMA7 and 10-piece Kitchen Set. Will pay \$2 and postage on the Aluminum Set on arrival. Kitchen Set is free. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If not satisfied, I will ship both sets back. If I keep them, I will pay you \$2 monthly until the price of the Aluminum Set, \$17.95, is paid. Title remains with you until final payment is made.

Name.....
Occupation.....
R. F. D., Box No.
or Street and No.
Post Office..... State.....
If shipping point is different from your postoffice, fill in line below.
Send shipment to.....